



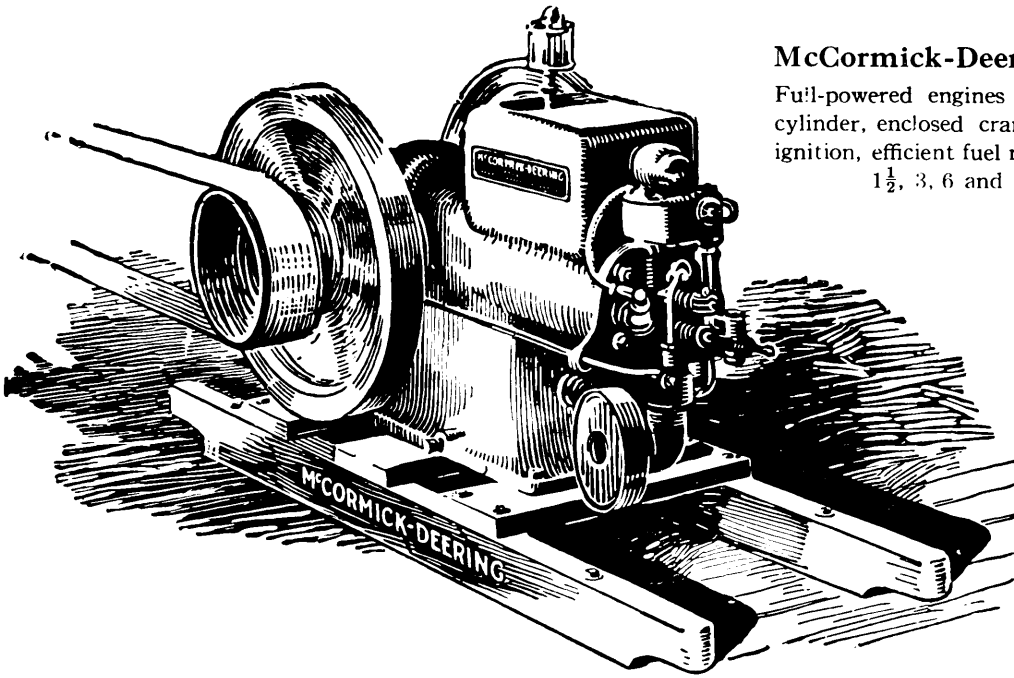
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“Yes, I know, so do I”.

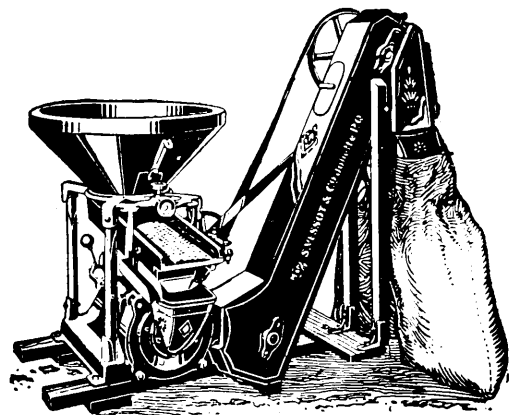
TWO feeders were discussing their feeding methods recently when one broke in with, “Oh yes! Of course I grind the grain.” And the other replied in a matter-of-fact tone, “Yes, I know, so do I.” No disagreement on that score.

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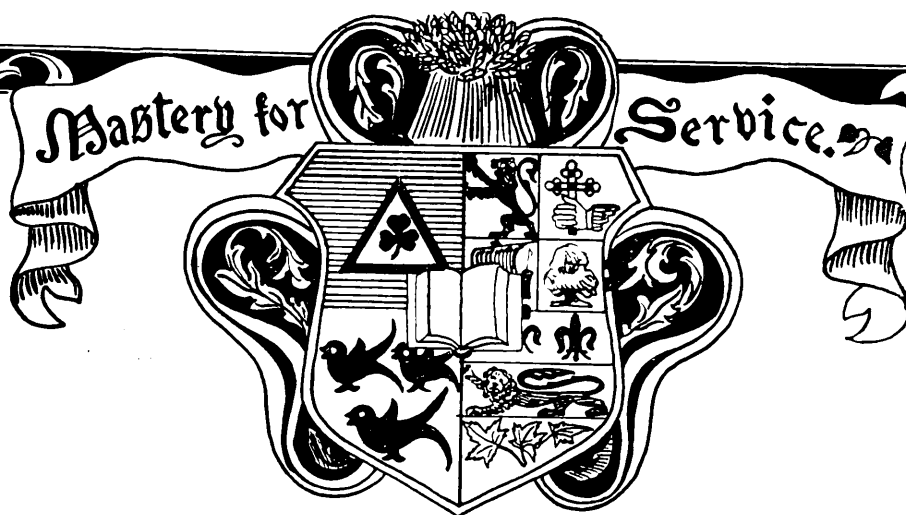
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5. Attention is to be paid to mechanical correctness, punctuation and spelling. In order to secure uniformity throughout the magazine, the English form of spelling should be used.— That is to say, the forms “thru,” “askt,” “favor” are to be avoided.
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No. 3

Macdonald College Magazine

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AGRICULTURE '31.

THE
MACDONALD COLLEGE
MAGAZINE

"MASTERY FOR SERVICE"

PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS

VOL. XVIII

OCTOBER-NOVEMBER

No. I



In this, the twentieth year of our existence as an Agricultural College, it is indeed a good portent to find that the number of students enrolled in the Faculty of Agriculture constitutes a record; while the numbers in the Schools of Household Science and Teachers are also well up to the average. Let us hope, therefore, that, during the coming year in which we attain our majority, we may come near to achieving the high ideals which our founder had in mind for us, when he gave us such a motto as "Mastery for Service." As to how we can best attain to such ideals, is a question which each of us must answer for his or her self, but two factors of fundamental importance are worthy of general note. The first of these is expressed very aptly by one of our contributors in the phrase: self-mastery for service. The second is more complex, for it concerns that part of our characters

and outlook which is built up by our college life and associations; it is in fact brought about by the careful fostering of a college tradition and of "esprit de corps."

Such abstract thoughts may have but little meaning for the average student; but in concrete form they may be summed-up in the expression—to play the game. If we can leave our College with the thought that we have given something in return for what we have received, we shall have played the game.

Lastly and more particularly with reference to the Magazine. We are not all essayists, we are not all poets, but, we all, at least occasionally, have ideas and it is in order to learn to express and develop our ideas, that we come to college. To the outside world the Magazine is the College, and the Magazine is what the students make it!

Our deepest sympathy is with Mr. L. J. Howatt, Agri' 29, on his recent bereavement.

"God's finger touched her and she slept."

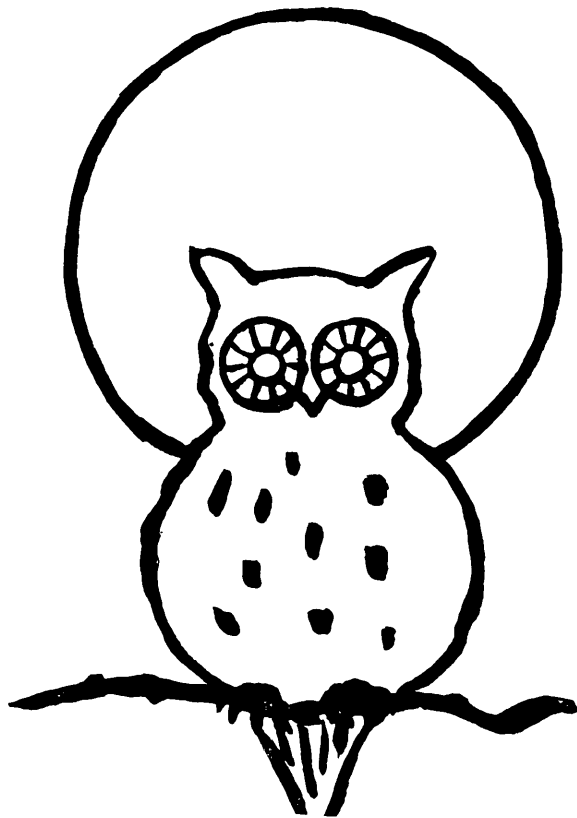
Night

*The sun's asleep, while in the sky,
The silver moon glides slowly by,
While all the leaves upon the trees
Are rustling softly in the breeze.*

*No sound is heard save one lone bird,
Whose voice in darkness oft is heard—
The clearly-ringing crystal note
That from the nightingale's full throat*

*Is poured upon the air so clear
From gardens, hedgerows, all so dear.
As o'er the dark and rippling lakes
A silver path Diana makes.*

M. J. Mitchell.
Teachers.



Football

J. AIRD NESBITT.

Football is truly a delightful game. Statistics prove that the death rate of the players is increasing annually. Some consider this a good sign. You may consider it whichever way you are inclined. In all probability football is the evolved result of those famous mediaeval hand-to-hand struggles for supremacy in the lists. Personally, I should like to see it develop into a fight to the death for the possession of an iron ball, on a concrete gridiron. Paddings, of course, would be done away with—men are getting too soft anyway.

Football is a game of brute force combined with a certain amount of low cunning and strategy. The brute force, no doubt, is due to the fact that "beneath the veneer of civilization", each one of us has in him something of the well-known caveman spirit. This spirit which lies latent most of the time, occasionally rouses from its lethargy, with football as the result.

How veracious is the saying that football moulds men. In the hospitals and clinics all over the country one may see plaster-moulds. Upon inquiry it will be found that each contains a shattered enthusiast, patiently waiting for his broken leg, neck or back, as the case may be to knit again. Also, what cemetery does not boast of the mouldering remains of at least one would-be football player. "Alas that such a promising star should die so young", would be a fitting epitaph, ironically suggestive of being killed anyway.

Apparently there is a certain amount of grim satisfaction to be derived from maiming and being maimed. No doubt

this can be blamed, if you believe in heredity, on the bloodthirsty traits of one's progenitors.

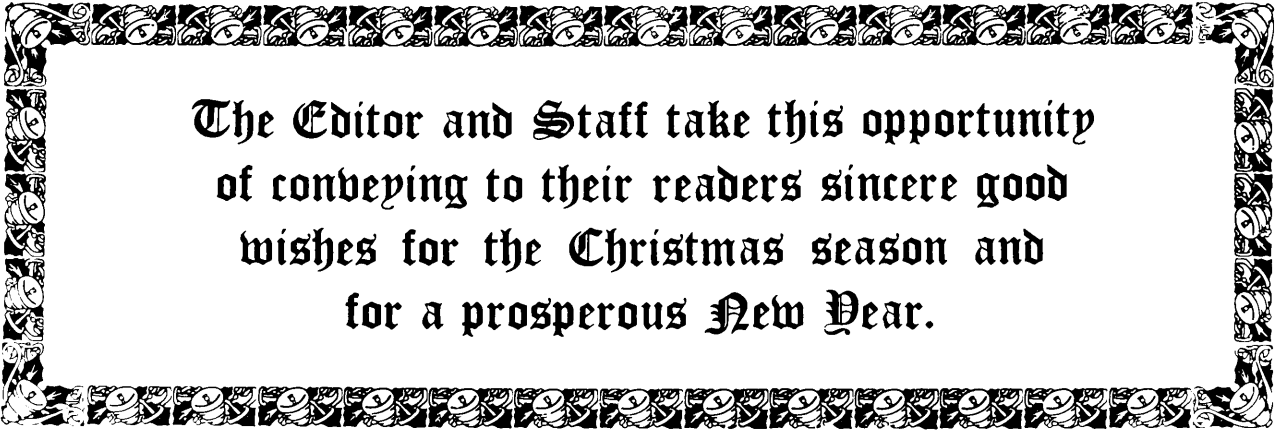
The popular conception of the mode whereby our early, surly and burly forefathers got rid of their surplus energy is that they stealthily crawled out of the particular hole that was "home sweet home" to them and stalked some unsuspecting female. When within reach, the cave-man would gleefully club the coy woman to a state of insensibility; the victor would then drag his fickle victim to his lair—where she would remain as his dearly beclubbed.

Possibly the first scrimmage took place when a short-sighted young blood mistook one of his fellow men for a girl with a boyish bob and commenced to make advances by splitting his scalp. It can readily be imagined that this was a severe blow to both of them. They decided, however, to settle the matter out of court and forthwith tackled each other. That was the first known tackling practice. (Note. The first recorded wrestling bout took place several years previous to this.) A few moments later each was reinforced by eleven of his associates. This coincidence resulted in a full team on either side. Now the men were strong and the day was young, thus the fight was long. So it came about that by sundown, betwixt fatigue, hunger and thirst, they had all forgotten the cause of the fight. It was, moreover, impossible to ask the causes themselves because they had both died. The one with the split scalp succumbed at noon, while the other, evidently the sturdier of the two, surprised and de-

lighted everybody by lingering till four-thirty. These gruesome details are, of course, very sad; however, I can say with confidence that it will not be long now, or to be still more explicit—the end is not far off. As the survivors were hot and thirsty, is it any wonder that they ended up by fighting for the possession of a cucumber? Even if you think that this is too ridiculous to be true, kindly keep your thoughts

to yourself. I don't want to hear them! I can only tell you what really happened, if you do not believe that, I am not interested.

That night, sitting around the newly discovered luxury called fire, the derelicts of the first football practice drew up the first set of rules, which have remained practically unchanged to this day.



**The Editor and Staff take this opportunity
of conveying to their readers sincere good
wishes for the Christmas season and
for a prosperous New Year.**

National Federation of Canadian University Students.

V. C. D.

At last, it is apparent, that there has appeared a factor in the college life of the Dominion which aims at not any solitary definite point of contact between rival universities, but whose potentialities are such that it may form **a broad, liberal and cohesive force** holding together the student bodies of the centres of higher education for their mutual benefit--the all-Canadian, all-embracing Federation of Canadian University Students.

Intercollegiate athletics were undoubtedly the biggest connecting link that previously existed, and were, in what I believe to be the majority of cases, the sole connection of import. Now while it must be truly granted that intercollegiate athletics are a very desirable and praiseworthy phase of college life, and while far from decrying their value, the situation has to be faced that the bitter rivalries and student warfares that have arisen and are still arising, as a result of intercollegiate sports, have done much to sever the student bodies of the conflicting colleges and to make them careless of any other contact with outside institutions save through the media of the playing fields or gymnasias. Hence, if for no other reason than merely to neutralise the intensity of the ill-effects of athletic rivalry, the justification for the existence of the Federation is apparent.

We students, above all others, should be the most interested in the future of this tremendous Dominion of ours, and, as Canada expands in population and industry, the need for a national spirit will increase, will be forced to

do so, in order to cope with the increasing responsibilities in private and international affairs that her position as a leading nation will entail. Any organization or factor that can lead to any condition of Canadian unity must be carefully fostered, and here we begin to realize that the Dominion-wide Federation of Students possesses tremendous potentialities in this field above. The development of a country follows closely upon the trend of thought of the intellects guiding its destinies, and, roughly speaking, the future Canadian leaders in politics and finance are going to be university-trained men. Does it not follow then that a closer spirit of harmony, sympathy and understanding between our student bodies from East to West may be of incalculable benefit in this regard? The students of to-day will be the leaders of to-morrow and the Federation is an all-Canadian organization of which we should be justly proud.

From purely nationalistic reasons, then, it is obvious that the Federation is a desirable feature. Now let us come down to the narrower benefits possible through it to the member universities. It is well to bear in mind that union is strength; and what a sphere of influence lays itself open to a united brotherhood of all college students! As a whole, we could, for instance, petition for privileges which might be extremely difficult to gain individually. We have a medium whereby students can keep in touch with the customs, efforts and achievements of other students and student-

bodies in all parts of the Dominion.

Debating teams will be sent out from Atlantic to Pacific, and the members of these, returning to their own Alma Maters will carry back a wealth of information about student activities and interests in different parts of our Dominion. Thus we see that the object of the Federation—namely— “to promote in every way possible a better understanding among all students; a greater spirit of co-operation between all Canadian Universities for the promotion of national interests and to provide a means for developing international relationships with student groups in other countries” comes magnificently within the bounds of possibility and is, moreover, an object than which we as students could hold no higher in life.

It may be of general interest to know that among the universities which have thought fit to join the Federation we find the following:—British Columbia,

Alberta, Saskatchewan, Manitoba, Western Ontario, Toronto, New Brunswick, Dalhousie, McGill, Bishop's Acadia, McMaster, Queen's and O.A.C. To this illustrious list we can add the proud name of Macdonald, an institution which is a compeer on the roles. Thus has one link more been in the chain of Macdonald's destinies, a link which will bind us to the desirable and justifiable in student life. Ours is the conviction that we have contracted no mesalliance.

Editorial Comment.

We understand that the necessary negotiations, for the inception of Macdonald College into this Federation are nearly completed. It, therefore, behoves every student to give this article due consideration. The Magazine is an ever-open medium for any enquiries which students might wish to make re the Federation and its relation to the College.

Many a college student goes to sleep a Freshman and wakes up to find himself a Senior.



AGRICULTURE '29.



A Haunted Library

HELEN FINDLAY.

One of those quaint little winding alleys leading away to nowhere, in that still quainter section of Paris, which up to the present resists the attack of Modernism, the Faubourg St-Germain, you can still find, after hours of searching, that little arched door, at the foot of three crumbling stone steps which is the entrance to the ghostliest library from which I have ever had the good fortune to borrow books. When you open the door, the first thought that registers itself on your curious mind is: "What a musty little place." And truly it is. Opening the door wide you step in, instinctively closing your eyes while closing the door, so that the aspect of the whole place can afterwards be taken in at a single swift glance. You are disappointed after hearing those startling stories told of this obscure library, to see only a very plain room with ordinary looking books arranged in hopeless disorder on very commonplace bookshelves. A long table stretching down the middle of the room, with battered easy chairs of antique origin providing a place to read. At the farther end of the room a few chairs are grouped about a cold fire-place. Light from the wintry sun steals hesitatingly

through a dirty and cob-webby skylight and illumines the drawn face of the old librarian sitting there reading.

You lay aside your coat and hat and saunter down one side. Volumes by Voltaire, Hugo and Balzac, indiscriminately grouped with others by Gaboriau, Aristophanes and Margaret D'Angoulême, greet your eye.

About half way down the room you pause and quickly turn about, feeling somehow as though someone were following you. But it is merely imagination. Thereafter, however, that sense of being followed pursues you all around the room.

While walking past the book-cases you will probably see the deep cuts in the woodwork, some even on the table—a queer fact—your mind records it as such and promptly forgets it for the present. Then too, you cannot help wondering how these dark blotches happen to appear on the floor and even on the bindings of some of the books.

But you probably will not be as lucky as I; for on passing in front of a particular set of books I stopped to see if any were worth reading. The first was very dry indeed, being a history, so I quickly replaced it. The second, being by the same author,

I was also about to put back when something urged me to open it. It was entitled: "The True Chronicle of the Library Murder"-67.

It started by describing some portion of Paris. The description seemed familiar and it suddenly came to me that the author was writing of this very quarter in which I now was.

Thoroughly interested, I carried the book over to the table, sat down and began to read. By this time the sun had gone down, and the gathering shadows warned the old librarian to light the lamps. He had one in front of him by which he read and so did I; but he had his turned so low that there was only a sort of ghostly light in his corner, which brought his wan face into startling relief against the gloom behind him. The air had grown a little chilly and sitting in my chair, I shivered slightly. The room was profoundly still—broken only by the occasional rustling of pages—so still that if a pencil had been dropped it would have sounded like the crack of doom.

In this profound silence I continued the perusal of the ancient book. The story in short was this:

Bossent, a French nobleman, had fallen in love with Madeline, the daughter of his most bitter enemy, Le Comte D'Arcy, with whom he was in a feud to the death. One winter night Bossent and Madeline eloped, but as they passed hurriedly down the street, they were recognized by a member of D'Arcy's household who at once gave the alarm and began following them. The two lovers turned into a back street to evade their pursuers and had progressed some distance when they heard the sound of running feet ahead of them. They realized at once that they were cut off and Bossent, looking about for some means of escape, espied a little door at the foot of the three

stone steps. He plunged down these and shook the door, which opened quite easily. In he rushed, half carrying Madeline and slammed and bolted the door in the very face of their wrathful pursuers. The two ran down the room, looking for another room, or door leading to another room, followed by the wild shouts of those without and a terrific pounding on the door. Finding none Bossent took his stand in one corner, placed Madeline behind him and waited for the inevitable. The door burst from its hinges with a crash; the men-at-arms streamed in, led by D'Arcy and with swords drawn they rushed on Bossent.—

Here I turned a page and with my mind roused by this stirring tale I looked toward the door, half expecting to see armed men rushing in; when my eye was caught by something floating across the skylight. I could see the moon right through this wraith which seemed to take the form of a woman. I am not superstitious. A cold draught of air just at that moment struck the back of my neck. My subconscious mind told me that the door had opened and shut again but I ignored the fact as being imaginative for was not the old man sitting in his corner still reading? Could I not have heard if anyone had come in? And had not the librarian bolted the door when he lit the lamps? I mentally resolved not to let myself fall under the spell of this ghostly place.—

Bossent was defending himself and his love with the greatest of bravery against overwhelming odds. Parry, thrust and thrust again. D'Arcy was down, the others pressed on. A long red line suddenly appeared across Bossent's face and over one eye. The blood blinded him. He stumbled, almost dropped his guard, then recovered himself again and fought on.

But what could one do against twenty? The swords flashing in the moonlight seemed to describe a dread arc of light which hovered about Bossent and Madeline like a demon of Vengeance; and out of that demon arc came a sudden flash. Bossent fell; fell at the foot of the woman he loved, with her name on his lips. Madeline uttered a quavering despairing cry and dropped lifeless across Bossent's body. As the men clustered around, a dreadful chill and silence seemed to go over the room and terrified by the awful horror of the atmosphere they broke and fled.

A pool of blood slowly spread on the floor. The moon, looking down on that pitiful tragedy was suddenly covered by a cloud and in the darkness a chill wind of death blew through the open door.

I closed the book and stood up. Turning around I saw the door wide was open, the Librarian had vanished from

his corner and... horrors of horrors! What was that hunched thing lying stretched on the floor, on the very spot where, earlier in the day I had noticed the stains? As I looked a piercing scream rent the air.

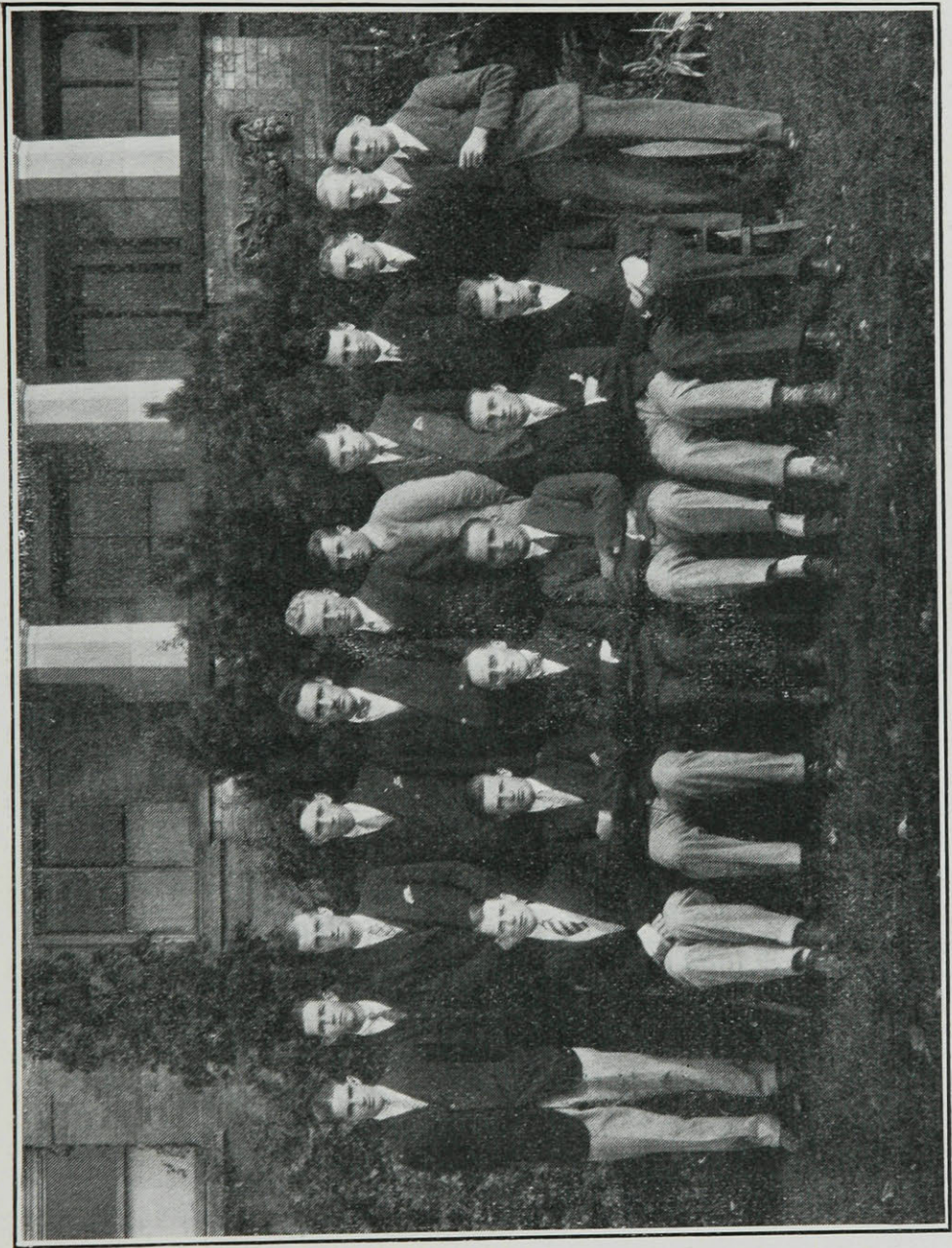
I came to myself. Rushing forward I knelt at the figure. It was the old Librarian, cold and dead. Stunned with the shock I seized my coat and hat and rushed out to find a doctor.

Now the extraordinary thing was, that, according to the doctor the old man had been dead for over an hour but what was the cause of his death? Then, too, whence had come that heart-wrenching call? There had been nobody in the library except myself and the dead man, nor when I dashed out of the door had there been anyone on the street.

Was the library really haunted by the souls of those two unfortunate lovers? I know not.

The End

No warmth, no cheerfulness,
 No healthful ease,
 No comfortable feel in any member,
 No birds, no flowers,
 No butterflies, no bees—
 NOVEMBER.



AGRICULTURE '30.

Aphrodite

*Over the sea the white waves roll,
Shielding a maiden fair,
Blue are her eyes, as the summer skies
And golden the flash of her hair.*

*Down in a cave at the depth of the sea,
The lovely maiden dwells;
Painting, in palest mauves and pinks
And sapphire blues, the shells.*

*And the golden fishes go in and out
'Mid the sunlit strands of her hair,
As she swims through the sheen of the water green,
Which clings to her body fair.*

*And the small streams echo her rippling laugh
As the breezes echo her sigh,
And the deep sea moans and wails and groans
If a tear drop dims her eye.*

*And when the jealous billows lure
A stately ship to harm,
She leads the sufferers thro' the foam,
Shielding them with her arm.*

*And with a kiss upon the brow,
So white and damp and cold,
She lays each in a sea-weed bed,
Where flowers will hide their mould.*

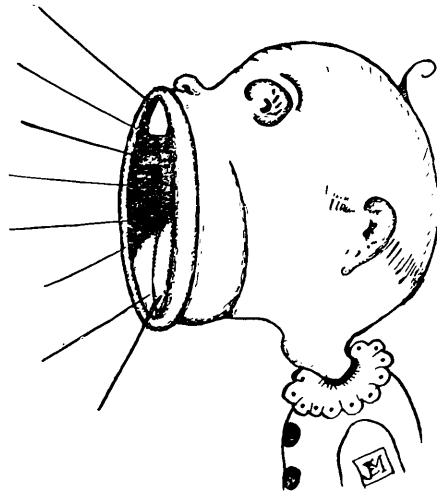
*And though thy love we may not claim,
Or ever kiss thy lips,
We ask thy love for those who go
Down to their graves in ships.*

Margaret G. Marshall.
Teachers

Gosh! What a Life!

By

Onyx



Spected

Speaking as an authority on the subject of living, having passed through twenty-odd strenuous years, we have come to the conclusion that life is just one doggoned thing after another, with plenty of emphasis on the "doggoned". One gets on in life a little, soon after it goes, and therefore we are sure that the whole can be summed up as "doggoned" in emphatic soliloquy.

Let's see. When we were a kid we were instructed to save our nickles,—pennies were too plebeian—so that we should be well started on our way towards the climax of our first million. We looked after the nickles until they grew to be dollars,—then our father looked after them—and instead of being a proud possessor of several gruesome and grotesque Hallowe'en masks, ice-cream cones, or other necessities of life, we were informed that the accumulated legal tender would be invested in gloves. We could never discover the use of those gloves, especially early in the Fall, when great demands were made upon our savings. We always noticed that the shops simply teemed with desirable wares just after our monetary means were disposed of.

We would, of course, organize a secret club for the protection of youth against the grasping instincts of the adults, but as a rule most of such gatherings were dispersed quickly by organized forces of parents. Who could the traitor be? The actions of the K. K. K. would appear to be identical to the cruelties of a "pink tea" if compared with the treatment he would receive.

We remember when we first adoringly, but casually, gazed at our first soul-mate. "Puppy-love" our parents called it, but then, what did they know about it? By what trembling, awkward demonstrations, viscous masses of gum, which we were fully resolved to share in case of necessity, motile toys, bodily contortions—sometimes we even washed our ears and wore a collar, did we attempt to win his or her affections! We can distinctly remember the time when we spent our monthly income, the princely sum of seventy or eighty cents in a single day with our youthful lady friend. Gross extravagance, but then, of course, we knew no better. Worse luck, we either won the attentions of the deities whom we so profoundly worshipped, so that we could

not get rid of them when we wanted to or we did not win them at all. We were not satisfied in either case. We remember the time when we read the story of Queen Elizabeth and Sir Walter Raleigh. We had the opportunity to act likewise for our beloved that same day. Believing that Sir Walter had been beheaded because his cloak had had been too small to span the puddle and Queen Bess had a pair of muddy dancing pumps as a result, we decided to use an overcoat for good measure. As we were stooping to spread the coat in the path of our beloved, we were not fully prepared for her unlady-like act. She pushed us into the puddle while we were not looking. Never again!

We knew two sisters once, cousins of ours who sometimes indulged in a sisterly physical combat. Some highly seasoned phrases likewise were murmured now and then. However, when brute force was used, we being a gentleman, could stand it no longer. We rushed into the fray to protect the weak against the strong. We were sorry soon after. Both sisters turned-against the intruders into their activities, which probably consisted of Swedish drill crossed with some wilder measures of the St. Vitus' dance, turned against us, and we had to retreat in good order, but rather precipitantly. We never will interfere again. What use is there in being a "born gentleman" when we have no opportunity to demonstrate our pacifying qualities. Gosh! What a life!

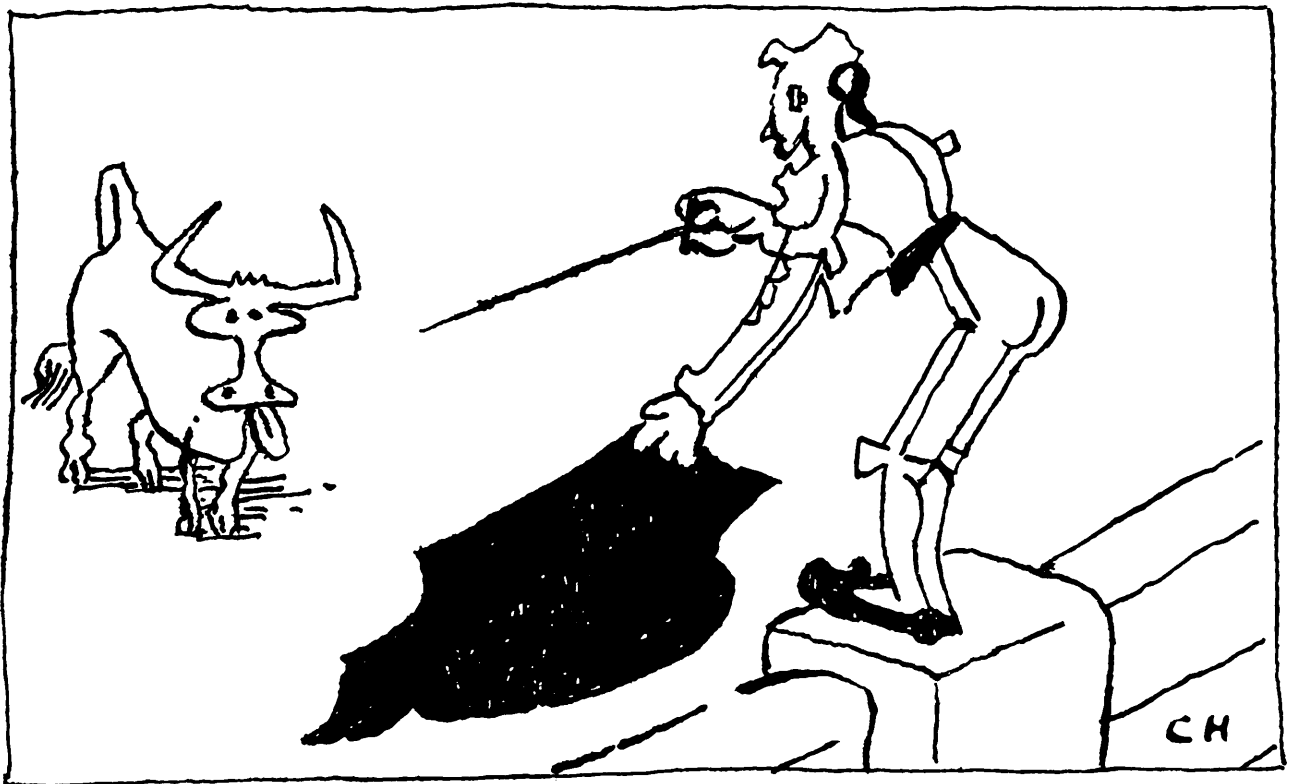
We owned a calf once. Rabbits were thought to be too ordinary, so we decided to start ranching at once on a big scale. Results had shown that our embryo ranch was not to be a reasonable one. Seized with the fire for knowledge of all concerning the rearing of calves, we became familiar with the

exploits of Buff'lo Bill, alias William Cody, but we did not think we would have need for mounting a mustang for some time anyway in order to run down and capture the cow's pup in our possession. We read the agricultural sections in the city "Daily" for hints on calf welfare. We even had our palms read by a gypsy to make sure that nothing that would cause our venture to become a failure, lurked in the future. We intended that our quadruped protégée would have the benefits of a good education. It did, for we got the education and it reaped the benefits. We tried to teach it correct table manners, getting away from the primitive mode of being fed through a hose. Many a time did we remonstrate with it after it had nearly drowned itself in a pail of milk and bran. Did it take our teachings to heart? It did not. It looked blankly into our face and sneezed; no, gushed. We resembled thereby an ice-cream cone suffering from Texas fever. And after all, the calf grew up to be an ordinary cow. It was tragic. What a life!

We once taught a member of the fairer sex how to dance. She appeared to appreciate us while the lessons were going on. The waltzes were "wonderful," the fox-trots "divine." We had to wear a pith helmet in order to keep cool so as not to get sunstroke from her beaming face. Yes, she had us wondering why we were not born twins, so that there would twice as much of us to admire her. She learnt how to dance after a few prolonged lessons. Then she drove off in her sport coupé and we have not seen her since. We learnt later, however, that she had learnt to dance for the sole purpose of pleasing a member of our own sex of whom she was particularly fond. We did not suffer from a broken heart very long. We had our left ventricle vul-

canized, and it has been functioning beautifully, or colloquially speaking "hitting on all four". It seems that Nature knew what she was about when she provided four chambers to the human heart, well separated, with ample room for at least four flirtations at a time. We move someone organize a heart-estate agency, advertising "rooms to let". Of course we are only making the suggestion, as our four chambers are fully in use, but still !!

Gosh! What a life! Is it not surprising what unlooked for things spring up when one is least expecting them. Why cannot our plans go right every time we want them to, instead of doing a little détour on their own. The above few examples of the idiocy of human nature ought to illuminate what usually does happen when we expect it to do otherwise. But after all, "Laissez faire".



Some Phases, comic and otherwise, of Farming in South Africa.

When a farmer from a foreign country lands in South Africa he notes several features peculiar to the land of veldt and sunshine, and it is of these I wish to speak here.

First and foremost, there is the negro, the cheap labour he provides, and the general tendency this labour has shown to retard the introduction of modern methods. Now, in the first place a great number of negroes go to work with the laudable aim of obtaining a wife. He labours from dawn until dusk at a wage of \$6 a month, until he has earned sufficient to purchase the requisite number of cows. The cows will cost him about \$14 a head, and the price of a good wife varies from six to ten cows, so that he may have to work for not much longer than a year. The cows are handed over to the bride's father, while the bride, on becoming the wife, is expected to do the major portion of the work on the lands. This marriage procedure has the advantage that the man does not do much of the tilling of the soil after the event, but it should be here observed that unfortunately for the negro the negress has acquired some European ideas, possibly from reading Kipling's "The Female of the Species", and it is now not uncommon to find a man working to support his wife.

But enough of the negro,—let us consider for a moment his master, the Boer, of whom it is said that he is as brave as he is dirty, that he is a good rifle shot because he is a good feeder, but on the whole a much-maligned race. Take an old 'takhaar' bearded Dutchman, such as you may meet in any of the country 'dorps' of South

Africa. Do not be surprised if he says "Dag, mynheer", and spits with uncommon accuracy.

He means well, and is merely following the custom of 'Oom' Paul Kruger, of whom they say that he never missed a good top-hat. In spite of it all he will do you no harm and will drink the drink you stand him as well as the next man. But see him with a long whip driving a span of eighteen oxen, hitched to a 'trek' waggon. A really good Dutchman of the old school will kill a fly on the 'voorlooper' the boy leading the oxen or on his own boot with the 'voorslag' thong at the end of the whip. But this is a dying art, which is rapidly disappearing before the advent of the motor-car.

Now these last two, the Boer and the negro, go to make up the essential composites of a South African farm.

The Dutchman the master, the nigger the servant,—sometimes almost even a slave, even as he was before the emancipation in 1833. Again, in the Cape Province there is a very large population of a third type, the half-caste or Cape people embodying the vice of both races and but few of the virtues. Despised by both races, they serve as a warning and a menace to the future of South Africa with its white population of under two millions and its black population of over seven millions.

But what of the land itself the Cape Province has been called "the fairest land that ever I did see"—a veritable paradise flowing with milk and honey. This is not quite strictly correct, but it is something better than this, for it is a wine-growing country such as would have delighted the heart of Omar

Khayyam, or, more recently of some of our American friends. Wine and fruit with a little wheat are the main products, until, going north, we come to the Karroo, where sheep thrive. Then there is the Orange River Colony, which derives its farming revenue from wool, fruit, and ostrich feathers. Further north still, we cross the Vaal River into the Transvaal, which contains a vast number of cattle ranches and fruit farms. It is the best of all the four provinces of the Union, or, in other words I come from the Transvaal. Then finally we come to the most English province of all the four, Natal,

which has large areas under sugar cane and cotton.

But I have already written too much, although I fear that my prattling pen has produced little more than a caricature of the truth. The real thing is made up of something more than of these things of which I have written here—so much more so that some of the greatest brains of the day have said that the wealth of South Africa lies, not in its enormous mineral resources of gold and diamonds, but “in the first six inches of its soil”—in agriculture.

R. E.



LITERARY AND DEBATING SOCIETY EXECUTIVE.

The Annual Reception.

The first social event of the year, the annual Reception, took place in the Men's Gym, tastefully decorated for the occasion, on the 14th of October. Arriving fashionably late, we peered over the heads of the Advance Guard and immediately the talk, humour and badinage of the crowd, typical of the camaraderie displayed throughout the evening, came to meet us. The staff, our hosts, shorn of their professional glory, greeted us warmly and shortly after, Mr. Lockhart, Master of Ceremonies, had the party in full swing, though the men did not do the swinging until later in the evening, when they danced the most delightful Paul Jones.



Under the expert guidance of Dr. Lamb the many freshettes, in divergent colours, came vis-a-vis the admiring eyes of upper classmen and verdant freshmen. Great was the shout when some of the more forgetful ones forgot the names of their partners and were forced to parade inside the ring. After the introducing

of the gentlemen, to the demurest of damsels, had been as nearly completed as possible, a brief chat of about five minutes followed. The freshman's remarks often caused the young lady much uneasiness, which he generally noticed, causing him no small amount of trepidation, whereupon he would gladly leave his new acquaintance to draw a deep breath and delight in his own freedom for a short time. The senior studes with that savoir-faire which a year at college gives, enjoyed themselves even more than their green brothers. Identification tags soon became unnecessary.

Miss Enid Moore, who has a very fine contralto voice, favoured us with two songs; Miss Florence Ball performed on the violin and Miss Louise Burns played a piano solo. The College Orchestra rendered a selection, which was followed by the banding of the crowd into packs of elephants, dogs, cats, pigs, sheep, mules, camels, donkeys, and so on, which raced after hidden peanuts. The camels, appropriately led by Captain Nadir, captured the prize. A musical competition followed, in which Miss Dot McQueen showed her knowledge of masters old and new. The finding of the mysterious Pair then provoked great mirth, especially for those couples who emboldened with informality, dared venture the solemn question to highly-placed staff when these latter were momentarily disengaged. Mrs. Brunt and Mr. V. Dawson won this prize.

The next, and enjoyable item Paul Jones brought the great surprise that eleven o'clock had arrived, whereupon the Party meandered to the Dining Room, via the Tunnel, for supper. At the far end the ever-present frosh,

perceiving the odour of coffee, broke into a trot, but the race was soon stopped and the procession continued in an orderly manner to its Mecca. Supper over we bade our adieux.

Veteran collegians voted the party a decided success and agreed it was the best reception ever.

C.R.M.



Horatio

Her mother had warned Jean against men just before she left home. "Never make advances, -- never encourage strange men". And so Jean had never spoken to her hero; had never even learned his name. "It must be Horatio," she told herself. Horatio seemed to fit him so well. It expressed so fully the virility of his bearing, and all the gleam of his firm yet kindly smile. Until to-day he had seemed to be made for the name ...or the name for him. But to-day her love had been shattered, and in her soul was only despair.

Every morning she had passed him as she went to her office. The first day she saw him he had been clad in a morning coat of faultless cut. His right arm was raised and although she could hear nothing above the roar of the traffic, she knew he was hailing a taxi. The next day he wore a brown sports suit, an effortless triumph of sartorial genius, and in his right hand he upheld a salmon before the admiring eyes of a woman also dressed for the country. It was then that Jean had abandoned herself to this pas-

sion which was now but a wilted flower. He was a man of the open spaces; she would take that woman's place — some day.

Since then he had appeared in a variety of suitings. He wore a new one almost every day, but always his smile was the same. "Can it be for me?" wondered Jean; and her love had fed on the mere shadow of hope. But he had been aloof. He lived his life in a higher plane than she, with her dull routine, could ever aspire to. She had looked up to him until today. Now she knew that, rather than be made suffer this disillusionment, she would gladly have ceased to watch him, would have resigned herself to a life of beautiful memories. For this morning as she approached the big store which was, for her, a shrine, her heart ceased its beating and her cheeks blanched. Horatio was there in the window, smiling as ever, but oh! how changed. Clad solely in heavy underwear he held his right arm aloft and clutched a card bearing the legend: "The cold days are coming."

COLLEGE-LIFE



Crossing the great desert
after dinner — a midway
camp

The Correspondance of Clarence the Collegian

Mac. Sept. 20th.

My dear Pam

I really can't remember when it was that I last wrote to you, but it seems ages ago anyhow, so I will start right away from when I last saw you in the Spring.

As you know I spent the Summer right here at the College. Things were a bit dull at times, but there was a peppy bunch of us all in the same boat, so I didn't do so badly after all.

We had a few big functions staged in the college, the first of which was the conferring of Honorary degree of L.L.D. on Mr. Brown, President

of the World's Poultry Congress which was held at Ottawa this year.

This took place on the fifth of August, under the personal direction of Dr. B. T. Dickson. — The Clergy were installed in our residence at the time, on their Ten Day holiday scheme, so we had a regular turn-out to welcome Mr. Brown. A special train drew up at Ste. Annes, crammed full of Poultry enthusiasts, and covered with coloured posters of all the popular breeds of fowls. All the Elite of the College were dolled up in their robes, with the result that the Campus looked more like a Sheik Parade in the Sahara than an assemblage of sane professors.

And what was worse Pam, was that I and another boy friend had to start a parade from our residence, right up to the Main Building and into the Assembly hall. Dean Martin was out from McGill and the full proceedings went off exceedingly well. After that we all had a topping meal, followed by cigars (free) and speeches in French and English. In fact the whole ceremony was a big success, and much credit is due to all those who in anyway had the responsibility for carrying it out.

Not very long after that, we were entertaining a number of prominent members of the British Press Association. At least I understand that it was really Lord Athelstan who actually financed the show, but at all events everything took place out here. A dinner was given in the Dining hall, and amongst those present was Prof. Stephen Leacock. After that was all over, a fleet of Diamond taxis together with a sprinkling of Rolls-Royces, carried the guests all round the College Farm.

Funnily enough, I met an acquaintance of mine from England, so I hopped into his car and endeavoured to point out to him all the varied points of interest during the trip.

And oh yes, I nearly forgot to tell you about the Garden Party that the Staff put on at Dean Barton's house the evening before the Clergy left us. Everybody turned up with their names tagged on their coats, and of course it was the most hopeless task imaginable trying to read them all. However we were entertained with some excellent songs and recitations, followed up with ice-cream and cake, the combination of which went down very well with everybody.

Then on August 29th., Lord Willingdon paid us a snap visit. He was only scheduled here for an hour,

but it was a wet day and he was late, with the result that the hour was somewhat abbreviated. He had just about enough time to walk through the Plant Pathology Department before he was rushed off elsewhere. However, Pam, I hear rumours that His Excellency proposes to make a longer stay here in the near future, and that he will bring Lady Willingdon with him too.

I think that exhausts all the Big News that has occurred, so I guess that I will close for the Present and let you know how term progresses after a bit.

Yours as ever

CLARENCE.

P. S. Did you know that Big Boy Thornton and Bill Gough were both engaged? Guess you'll have to get busy with the wedding presents soon.

Mac. Oct. 26th.

My dear Pam

Just thought that I would like to let you know how term was progressing—hence this letter.

A regular crowd of Freshies arrived, and of course we were able to give them the same friendly welcome as per usual. The new girls look pretty snappy, so I think that things in general point to a dashed good year ahead of us.

The Saturday night Dances started things off I suppose: anyhow this was the first function at which most of us **managed** to get together. "Bugs" appeared for the very first one that was held, but since then he has not been able to get out. This sort of makes us short for piano work, but I hear rumours of a girls' orchestra being in the making, so I am full of hopes.

On Friday Oct 14th the Staff held their reception in our Gym, which to say the least, was highly amusing. The Big Idea of the whole thing was

to get everybody mixed up with everybody else, and things were so arranged that this was easily accomplished. We played crazy games and made crazy noises and finally went to bed after the refreshments had been served, feeling all the better for the party.

And what is more Pam, we were actually allowed to stage our Saturday evening hop the next night. Can you imagine it? You see how things have improved, even though you have left us.

The Rev. Mr. Adair put on a reception at the Union Church on Sunday evening Oct. 16th. This was largely attended by students from the College. After the Service we were entertained with musical and vocal numbers which we all liked immensely. This was followed by refreshments and a convenient period for conversation and Hymn Singing.

The Term has certainly started off in a splendid fashion and everything points to a very successful year in every sense of the word.

A couple of entertaining plays were read in the Assembly hall a week or so ago, which provided us with an hour of intense mirth. Some excellent talent was portrayed on the stage which I hope will appear again in the near future.

Did I tell you Pam, that we are expecting about seventy boys in the Diploma course next week? I feel that our residence will be somewhat full, but I guess we will have a great time when they all get settled down. The girls are all up in the air in happy anticipation of the possibilities that this influx may incur, and I don't blame them, poor dears, do you Pam?

Neil Drummond, our new President of the S. C. A. put on the first Sing-Song of the season last Sunday. He staged it in the alcove outside the girls' gym which is far better for sound than in the gym itself, and we had a really interesting meeting. Things were run on entirely different lines. Everything was more orderly and the hymns were arranged beforehand, thus eliminating the atmosphere of vagueness that used to prevail in former years. Mr. Lee, Secretary of the World's Student Service was the guest of the evening and gave us a most illuminating description of conditions in Europe, from which Continent he had just returned.

The girls held a Beauty competition the other night in their tank. I believe it was a great success, but unfortunately I was, at the last moment, prevented from attending. Jean Watt carried off the Beauty prize, while Evelyn Booth, Louise Burns and Maisie Lowry excelled themselves with some remarkable stunt diving. It was really too bad that I couldn't see it myself, but I hear that the three male judges got a frightful kick out of it.

Social Activities is arranging a Masquerade Dance next Saturday night, and they are experimenting with a couple of "Ladies Choice" dances. I am rather sceptical as to the wisdom of this latter innovation. However, I will let you know later how it works out.

Hope things are treating you kindly

Yours as ever
Clarence.

P. S. Can you, by any chance, let me know what is the big joke about Lachine?

My dear Pam

Thanks awfully for your letter which I got last week. So glad to hear that things are going along O. K. and that you are really enjoying yourself in the Big City.

The Diploma Course arrived with gusto at the beginning of the month, and their numbers have certainly helped to swell the Student Body of good old Mac. The place seems more alive now and there has been more bustle and excitement since then.

The Masquerade Dance went off with a good deal of pep, there being an exceptionally large turnout and some very excellent and ingenious costumes. I can't exactly remember who went off with all the prizes but I am sure that the best people got them. The President of the Students' Council and Mr. C. De Vere H. were celebrating a very eventful and important occasion that day, and as things are turning out I rather fancy that the said President has reason to be even more thankful for that Dance than he originally bargained for.

The girls have at last woken up and have shewn us all that there really IS some organized talent in their building.

Under the direction of Tat McLeod, a very creditable orchestra gave us some hot numbers at the Masquerade with which everybody was well pleased. I really think that this is quite an event, Pam, and I sincerely trust that the girls in question will keep it up and allow us all to hear them again on every possible occasion.

Nearly all the girls went away for Thanksgiving though some of the S. T. T's didn't get very far owing to the appalling amount of casual water lying about the countryside at the time. Personally, I had a very amusing

week-end, but I hardly think that I can go into details right here. A prominent member of the Junior Year found the States so wet that he couldn't be persuaded to leave for six days. At least, that's HIS story, but he hasn't given his definition of wetness.

No sooner had everybody got back, than we were all preparing for the first Formal of the Season, which was held on 11th. I don't think that this date was so arranged simply because it was Armistice Day, but rather because it was the only available Friday for some time. Thanksgiving preceded it and the Philharmonic Concert is proposing to follow hotly in its wake, so there wasn't much choice.

Anyhow, we all had a great time, and I should imagine that there was a record attendance. The decorations were in Red & White, but we were rather amazed at the extraordinary amount of dazzling light in the Gym. However, I believe that the Decorations Committee had a very hard time of it in one way or another, owing to unforeseen circumstances so perhaps it would be kinder to congratulate them on getting things finished at all, rather than to offer any criticisms.

We were fortunate to get the Services of "Rusty" Davis and his boys to play for us. And when I say "Fortunate" I mean it. In this respect, it was regrettable that we chose Armistice day for the Dance. With the inevitable rush for Dance Orchestras in the City on that night, it was no easy matter to persuade a good bunch of musicians to toot all the way out here for such remuneration as we can afford to pay out.

Nevertheless, we were successful in the end and we all enjoyed some excellent jazz music during the course of the evening.

The attendance from the four years in Agriculture was exceptionally great and has cause to be applauded.

The rugby season came to sticky finish on the McGill Campus last Wednesday, as you will have read in the paper I sent you.

Last night we had an informal debate on the subject of whether it was better never to have loved, than to have loved and lost. Laurence and Dawson (Diploma Course) were the two rival contestants, with Frances Parr and Johnson, Maisie Lowry and Bill Ferguson as respective supporters.

Some very amusing remarks were passed, and one in particular which had something to do with Westmount seemed to cause a little uneasiness from the audience. The debate was then thrown open to the house, which resulted in a witty and cynical oration from Prof. Quayle. He sent everybody into convulsions more than once and succeeded in putting quite

a different aspect on the subject in question. This was followed by a speech from Dr. Latimer and a few more from various members of the house. From the votes that were cast upon the debate it was decided by a narrow margin of two, that it was better never to have loved at all, rather than to have loved and lost.

And that, Pam, brings me to the end of most of the news out here. I have been experiencing a series of shocks during the past ten days caused by a perfect inundation of Tests. I really think that these things are quite unnecessary and superfluous, besides being waste of time, but I guess you will remember all about them and probably think that it's all a huge joke now that you are not bothered with them.

So long for the Present

Yours as ever

Clarence

Important Scientific Revelation

Notable of Macdonald College discovers new gas.

To Macdonald College goes the honour of the fact that one of its inmates has discovered a brand-new gas. Prof. X... to quote his own words in a lecture to the sophisticated Sophs.. stated, "air consists of oxygen, nitrogen, hydrogen and also the inert gases neon, krypton and—so-on!"

We understand that the last gas has been known of for quite a number of years, because Lord Byron spoke of it in "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage", "and so—on with the dance". But

it remained for one of the notables of this institution to distinguish it for study. He has at last separated it from the cerebral hemispheres of some of the would-be "seekers after knowledge". Then after making important observations of this new found gas, under all the conditions found at Macdonald, he discovered that there was about 1 volume of so-on in 99,999,999 volumes of air. He then classified it under the heading of nothing and threw it away.

Organization of Classes

Post-Graduates

The advent of the 1927-28 session saw Mac once again blessed with a group of energetic young gentlemen seeking new worlds to conquer. Guelph's 1927 gift to Mac was warmly welcomed, also our confederates from Ste-Anne de la Pocatiere and Oka, while mutual congratulations amongst ourselves as Mac men were not overlooked. At the first meeting, not business meeting by the way, it was unanimously decided that, considering the status of the class, as a group, the setting of examples should be given primary consideration. Since that time every effort has been directed with that end in view, with astounding results. Already sundry members of the class have distinguished themselves in various pursuits all of which augurs well for the future. In indoor games projects are not very bright owing to numerical deficiency, but it is hoped that members of the class will be playing in conjunction with the members of one of the small classes as a combined team in the Inter Class League. In spite of the shortage of numbers it is hoped to make the college year success as far as post-grad activities in college affairs is concerned

At the first business meeting the following officers were elected.

Hon. President, Dr. F. C. Harrison
Hon. Vice-President, Dr. W.H. Brittain

President, A. J. Hicks
Vice-President, J. B. Maltais
Sec.-Treas., R. H. Painter
Athletic Rep., B. G. Montserin

AGR. '28.

Of the original thirteen, only six have survived to this, our final year at college. But while we have lost old friends, we have also gained new ones, who continue to make Class '28 a group of cheerful pessimists. We still hope to get our degrees. We have begun, however, to doubt their value—hence our pessimism. Whether we succeed or not, we are out to have a good time—hence our cheerfulness. Seniors are supposed to be privileged individuals. In point of fact, they are the most restricted class at college. With such catch-words as responsibility, example and work looming large on the horizon, there is precious little time left for the enjoyment of what the college really offers. However, with the loyal backing of our fellow students, we hope to carry on for the welfare of Macdonald.

Hon. President, Dean H. Barton
Hon. Vice-Pres., Dr. L. R. Conklin
President, G. M. Tait
Vice-President, C. E. Ste-Marie
Sec.-Treas., R. W. Stuckey
Lords and Ladies-in -waiting
Chief Butler, Chef, Servants
Voices, Thunder and Lightning
Exeunt All.

AGR. '29.

While only five of those who entered Mac in '25 remain, the total number of members this year is greater than ever—fifteen. This is due to the welcome additions from other classes, and from the Country of the Bluenose, Fox and Spud. Our swollen ranks are

now a sober and industrious corps, including microbe hunters, gardeners, quack plant doctors, bugmen, one pseudc-chemist and one animal husband.

The class has had more than her share of athletic distinction. For three consecutive years '29 has made the highest aggregate at the Field Day Meets, besides holding the Relay Race, Hockey and Swimming championships of the College. In indoor games the seniors could do no more than tie with us. With the material now available the forecast for the approaching season is exceptionally bright.

Executive:

Hon. Pres., Dr. H. D. Brunt.

Hon. Vice-Pres., Prof. W. J. Tawse.

Pres., Mr., E. C. Paige.

Vice-Pres. Miss E. M. Merritt-Hawkes.

Sec.-Treas., Mr. L. R. Finlayson.

AGR. '30.

The collegians of Agriculture '30 returned with renewed vigour determined to surpass the fine record of their last year. There were only two casualties of last year's class, they being G. Chapman and V. Gilletz who did not burn enough midnight oil last year to conquer the examinations. However, their places have been filled by D. McCuish and H. K. Sadler who are repeating their Sophomore year. We are sorry they did not get through last year but are glad to have them with us as they are both valuable additions to the Sophomore year. In addition to our quota we are glad to welcome back R. Richards formerly of Agriculture '29. He did not return to take his second year with that class and so has joined our ranks.

It may be stated here that Professor W. C. Quayle has been elected

Honorary President, and Mr. S. R. Hodgins, Honorary Vice, President of our year.

Our last year's president E. A. Eardley is continuing as President of the Sophomores, also holding the position of Students, Council Representative, Manager of Debates for the Literary and Debating Society and Manager of the College Basketball Team.

R. Richards was elected as our Vice President.

Wm. Ferguson is class Secretary Treasurer also Secretary of the Men's Residence Committee and a member of the Magazine Board.

C. Archibald is our Athletic Representative of the Athletic Committee.

R. Jack is a member of the Magazine Board and the Supply Manager of the Athletic Committee.

R. E. Johnson is the manager of the Inter Class Indoor Sports.

K. Parris is the Secretary Treasurer of the S.C.A., also Treasurer of the Dance Committee.

E. A. Lawrence is Manager of Plays for the Literary and Debating Society.

H. Cox is the Sports Editor of the Magazine Board.

W. Penny is the Circulating Manager of the Magazine Board.

D. McCuish is the Rink Manager.

Our other class members are L. Haslam, C. Hudson, J. Woodward, A. Walker, and B. Dalton.

We have a splendid class of men to represent us in athletics, literature, and debating and class work. We expect good results from them.

W. F. THE SOPHOMORE

AGR. '31.

We assembled, on the first day of the session, fourteen strong. It was our misfortune to lose one of our number before the first fortnight was out, but thirteen is, of course a lucky number; especially when it includes the refining influence of the subtler sex as represented by Miss Priscilla de Mille.

In our brief past there are no regrets and we feel justified in entertaining high hopes for the future. The officers elected at present are:

Hon. Pres. Mr. A. H. Walker.
 Hon. Vice-Pres. Prof. J. G. Goulson.
 President, H. C. Hartz.
 Vice-President, W. Dickison.
 Secretary, J. A. Rayner.

DIP. '28.

Diploma '28 arrived back at Macdonald on November 1st.

Although our members have been somewhat depleted, our spirit is as high and as optimistic as ever. It was only a very few days before the majority of us had slipped back into our old grooves once more, wondering whether we had really been away at all. The new Diploma '29, whom we are very pleased to have join us, having been duly initiated and admitted as full-blown members, all preliminaries were completed and were soon well under way.

At our reunion meeting the following officers were elected:

President, R. H. Dawson.
 Vice-President, F. B. Conniff.
 Sec.-Treas., R. A. Boothroyd.
 Sports Manager, E. Stowe.
 House Committee, W. R. Waugh
 and C. A. Eaves.
 S.C.A. Representative, H. Rose.

DIP. '29.

The Diploma Class of '29 registered on 1st of November in greater force than in any previous year. To more than half our number it was a very welcome renewal of the all too brief acquaintance made some six months earlier on arrival in the country, for out of a total of fifty-seven, only twenty one of us can claim to be Canadian.

After undergoing the austere initiation ceremonies of the "Macdonald Lodge" and having the noble "Ordeal of the Bath" conferred upon us, we greatly appreciated our admittance to all those "Rites and Privileges" enjoyed by full "Initiates"—including membership of the Honourable and Ancient Foyer Club.

The various offices have been filled as under:

Hon. President, A. H. Hamilton
 Hon. Vice-President, W. H. Brittain
 President, Murray Smith
 Vice-President, Robert Smith
 Hon. Secretary, J. E. Davy
 Sports Captain, D. H. Reid
 Vice Sports Captain, C. F. Danielsen
 Student Christian Ass., J. S. Hunter.

Senior Administrators.

Despite the fact that Mona Saunders is passing her leisure hours judging cooking at the Public Schools in P.E.I. as well as helping A. E. Schurman trousseau-hunt for the big event to come off next fall, the McKinnon sisters fast becoming nuns somewhere in Cape Breton and Jessie McDonald and Frances Goodman ladies of leisure, the Senior Ads of '28 are all united again for another year of work and fun at Mac. In addition to the thirteen returning number we have in our class another Maritimer, Doris Einst.

To represent us this year Mary Mac-Phail was elected and so far she has executed her duties in that office very much to the satisfaction of everyone.

Secretary-Treasurer, Dorothy Craig

We hope to have as good a year if not better than our last one.

B. H. S. '29.

On the 26th day of September, there arrived at Macdonald the largest B.H.S. class in the annals of the college. It may be said that we have quantity without quality but time alone can determine that.

Although we have nine members in our class, yet we represent nine provinces of the Dominion, these however stretching from the most easterly portion of Nova Scotia to the Pacific coast. We hail from four of the principle colleges of Canada viz, McGill, Queens, U.B.C., and Dalhousie.

Early in the term a meeting was held and the class officers elected. Ada Fanjoy as President and Florence Newman, Secretary. We also have a representative on the House Committee as well as the Home Economics Club.

Right in there all the time,
B.H.S. twenty-nine.

Junior Administrators.

Nineteen girls enrolled to take the Junior Administration Course—1927-28. Let us hope they will all pass successfully and come back to Mac. next year.

Class President: Miss L. Heeney.
Class Secretary: Miss K. Gray.

QUOTATIONS FOR SHORT COURSE SCIENCE

Marion—"Too rare, too rare, grow thy visits here."

Evelyn—"Who speaks their feeling as it is."

Mannie—"I don't think so much learning becomes a young woman."

Alice—"She kept her meditative paces slow."

Lee—"I have been very ill used."

Corinne—"A merry heart goes all the way."

Gil—"A stature tall and straightly fashioned,"

C. L. Pennock

H. T. Gilpire.

Intermediate Class

School for Teachers.

President, G. Cruikshank

Vice-President, R. Buckland

Secretary, E. Lessard

Treasurer, M. Barr

These are our worthy officers whom we expect to stand up for our rights throughout the year. We are all glad to be students at Mac and feel justly proud of it. We enjoy our hours of work and also our minutes of leisure. We hope to leave a good mark in the annals of Macdonald's history and to carry on a true college spirit. If each one of us plays his or her part, then Mac will be a little better for our brief sojourn here. When we have left college and are making our way in the world it will be with feelings mingled of joy and regret that we look back on our college life—joy at having been a student at Mac and regret that the period there was all too short. Many of us would like to return to Mac an-

other year, for various reasons. Senior privileges alone would outweigh many disadvantages, together with the feeling that we had another year to do "our bit" for the college.

Short Course School for Teachers

Pres. Miss M. Marshall.

Sec. Miss R. M. E. Boyd.

Treas. Miss T. E. B. Moore.

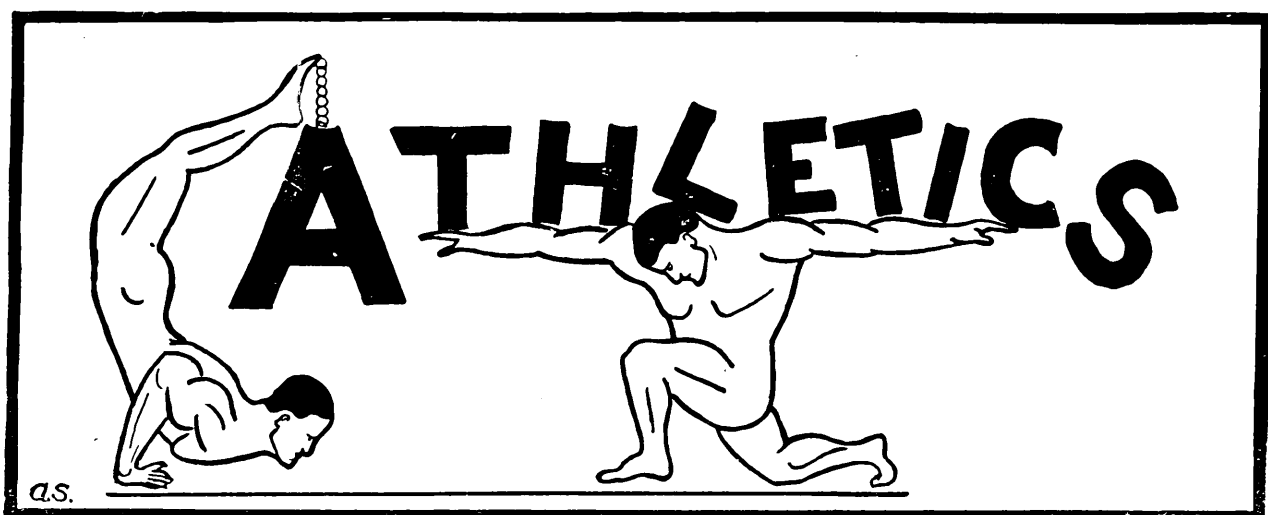
B. H. S. '28.

Tune—"Red and white sweater."

*Seniors in Science—Seniors in Science
Skippered very ably by Ruth
We use all the knowledge
That we gain in College
To raise Hell—and that's the truth.*

*Though we may lack numbers—may lack numbers
We manage still to have a damn good time
When we leave, we'll scatter
But it doesn't matter
For when'ere we meet we'll chime—*

*We were—Seniors in Science—Seniors in Science
Skippered very ably by Ruth
We've used all the knowledge
That we gained in College
To raise Hell—and that's the truth.*



Rugby Season

"The Play's the Thing"

The great poet didn't mean rugby when he penned that line, but he expressed the attitude of the Macdonald squad nevertheless.

The outlook has been quite rosy in rugby here this year, although the end of the season occurred appropriately beneath weeping skies.

It has been the writer's privilege to have close association with the rugby men at Mac this Fall, and a finer lot of men he has not yet seen in action on a rugby field. There has been a minimum of crabbing and of back-talk to officials and a maximum of cheerful attention to business and willingness to subordinate self for the team's sake.

That, after all is said and done, is the main object of sport. It will be a sad day for Canadian colleges when win-at-any-cost methods are the rule and not the exception as they are at present.

We are lucky in having so many men here who have played English rugby. A great Yale back and captain of their team within the past seven years after leaving Yale went to Oxford and there played English rugby. In his enthu-

siasm for the game he declared that it far surpassed the football of his native land, the United States.

After seeing the type of player that it develops, the writer is inclined to believe that that Yankee knows where-of he speaks. For to English rugby this year we owe two outside wings, two middle wings, two backfield men of outstanding merit, and several other players. The speed, football sense and tackling ability of these men trained in rugby as it is played in the Old Country and in our own Maritime Provinces, is a great endorsement for that game.

Now that the welkin rings so continuously with "forward pass", "running interference", etc., it may be well to observe that there are other and perhaps even better games than American "football". At any rate, we owe our best thanks to the English rugbyists who displayed their ability with our squad this year.

As in the past maximum development of a winning football team has been impossible, because of lack of numbers of those who turned out for practice. At no time during the season did we have two full teams out for practice. This, however, is a condition

that Macdonald teams have always faced.

It would do the hearts of Macdonald old-timers good to see the earnest way the boys settled down to work in games. Much lighter than the teams of 7 and 8 years ago, this team made up in speed and agility their lack of weight.

They played but four games throughout the season. They lost to Lachine intermediates 25-5, but trimmed that team 9-6 later on in the season. Then they beat the Faculty of Commerce team here at Macdonald 10-8, losing to the same team in an inter-faculty

final game 4-0. Our boys give no excuses for being defeated by Commerce. The latter team is a good one and well deserve their championship. However, Macdonald rugby enthusiasts can rest assured that the game would have been much more interesting on a less slimy field, and the score might well have been reversed in a return match.

It is the writer's contention that the 1927 rugby season has been a highly successful one for Macdonald, for we have ended it with a team that can give a good account of itself against any team in its own class. After all, "the play's the thing."

Macdonald Lose Their First Match.

The college rugby squad played their first game of the season against the Lachine Intermediates. The play was rather loose and the college signals were not running smoothly. The college team nevertheless scored the first touchdown. From this time to the final whistle Lachine had the best of the play, scoring five touch-downs, holding Macdonald to their five points. The game ended with the score of 25-5 for Lachine, neither side converting their touches.

Line up:

<i>Lachine</i>	<i>Positions</i>	<i>Macdonald</i>
	Quarterback	
Page		Eardley
	Snapback	
Diamond		Tait
	Inside right	
Bennett		MacFarlane
	Inside left	
Barnes		Johnson
	Middle right	
Dewitt		Paige

	Middle left	
Dennis		MacCuish
	Outside right	
Johnson		West
	Outside left	
Adams		Archibald
	Halfbacks	
Emslie		Richards
Kennedy		Hicks
Hibbard		Rowell
	Flying wing	
Jones		Nesbitt
	Substitutes	
Glendenning		Marshall
Chisholm		Dawson
Carnere		Nadir
		Dalton
		Rayner
		Boles
		Buckland
		Pratt
		Dickison

MEN'S FIELD DAY.

The annual track meet was held on the athletic field. The weather was clear and fine but the track was soft which accounts for the slow time for the races.

100 YDS. DASH (first heat)

1st Paige—2nd Webster —3rd Tait. Time 12 sec.

100 YDS. DASH (second heat)

1st Montserin; 2nd Deakin; 3rd McMaster. Time 11-3-5 sec.

100 YDS. DASH (final heat)

1st Montserin; 2nd Paige; 3rd Webster. Time—11-1-5 secs.

220 YDS. DASH (first heat)

1st Paige; 2nd Montserin; 3rd Deakin Time 27-2-5 secs.

220 YDS. DASH (second heat)

1st Webster; 2nd Tait; 3rd McMaster Time 27-3-5 secs.

220 YDS. DASH (final heat)

1st Montserin; 2nd Paige; 3rd Webster Time—27-3-5 secs.

HOP, STEP and JUMP.

1st Paige; 2nd Buckland; 3rd Nesbitt Distance—35 ft. 2 in.

SHOT PUT

1st Montserin; 2nd Dickison 3rd Dalton. Distance—30 ft. 1½ in.

RUNNING BROAD JUMP

1st Webster; 2nd Shufelt; 3rd Nesbitt Distance—16ft. 6¾ in.

STANDING BROAD JUMP

1st Paige; 2nd Deakin; 3rd Buckland Distance—8ft. 7¼ in.

880 YD. RUN

1st McMaster, 2nd Deakin, 3rd Paige Time—2min. 34-1-5 ses.

RUNNING HIGH JUMP

1st Nesbitt; 2nd Montserin; 3rd Buckland. Height—5ft. 1½ in.

On Monday Oct. 24th the two mile race was run off.

Result:—

1st Taylor; 2nd McMaster; 3rd Deakin. Time—12 min. 27 sec.

On Wednesday Oct. 26th the rest of the events were run off, namely the One mile race, relay race, tug-of-war.

Results:—

ONE MILE RACE

1st Taylor; 2nd Deakin; 3rd McMaster. Time 5 mins. 29-1-5 sec.

RELAY RACE

1st Juniors; 2nd Sophomores; 3rd Teachers. The Junior team won this race. Team:

Paige, McMaster, Johnson, Taylor

In the tug-of-war the seniors were eliminated by the juniors and the freshmen suffered a like fate at the hands of the sophomores. In the final the sophomores won from the juniors.

CLASS AGGREGATE

1st, Juniors.....36 points

2nd, P. Grads.... 18 points

3rd, Teachers... 15 points

INDIVIDUAL AGGREGATE

1st, Montserin.... 18 points

2nd Paige.....17 points

3rd, Deakin, Taylor tieing with 10 points each.

RUGBY

On Thursday, Oct. 20th, the Macdonald squad played the faculty of commerce rugby team at Macdonald and defeated them by a score of 10—8. The game was close throughout. The commerce team snapped into the play more readily, but were penalized time and again for off side plays. Commerce scored one touchdown and a field goal.

Nesbitt scored the first touchdown for Macdonald and Rowell crossed the line for another touch for Mac. The tackling of MacCuish and Richards and the gains made by Eardley on end runs, were the outstanding features of the play.

LINE-UP		
Commerce	Position	Macdonald
	Quarter	
Maughn		Eardley
	Snapback	
Smith		Tait
	Inside right	
Veitch		MacFarlane
	Inside left	
Budge		Dickison
	Middle right	
Puddicombe		Paige
	Middle left	
Thompson		MacCuish
	Outside right	
Care		West
	Outside left	
Lemesurier		Archibald
	Halfbacks	
Morelle		Hicks
McMaster		Richards
Taylor		Rowell
	Flying wing	
Leacy x		Nesbitt
	Substitutes	
Carter		Marshall
Guthrie		Dawson
Boyce		Nadir
Piper		Dalton
Lebaron		Rayner
		Buckland
		Boles
		Pratt

Third Match

Macdonald vindicated themselves for their 25-5 defeat at the hands of Lachine, by defeating them in their second encounter to the tune of 9-6. In the first quarter the college play was ragged, but, however, in the remaining part of the game they settled down and carried off some snappy plays. Lachine scored a rouge and a touchdown while

the college scored a rouge, a touchdowk and a field goal.

Richards scored the touchdown for Mac., while Hicks booted the other four points. Eardley made a fine end-run of 50 yds before he was brought down. The game ended with the score of 9-6. Mac. had redeemed themselves for their previous defeat.

DIPLOMA COURSE FIELD DAY

On Monday, Nov. the 7th, during the Thanksgiving holidays the Diploma Course held their track meet. The day was cold and windy, but nevertheless they had a good turnout.

Results:

TWO MILE RACE

1st Bishop; 2nd Miller 3rd Evans.
Time, 13 min. 4 sec.

HUNDRED YARD DASH (1st heat)

1st Swan; 2nd Kleibs; 3rd Shuttleworth.—Time, 11 sec.

HUNDRED YD. DASH (second heat)

1st Grove; 2nd Lister; 3rd McBane.
Time 11-1/5 sec.

100 YD. DASH (3rd heat)

1st Danielsen; 2nd Nussey; 3rd Stowe.—Time, 12-1/5 sec.

100 YD. DASH (final heat)

1st Swan; 2nd Kleibs; 3rd Danielsen.
Time, 10-4/5 secs.

220 YD. DASH (first heat)

1st Grove; 2nd McBane; 3rd Dryden.
Time, 33 secs.

220 YD. DASH (second heat)

1st Danielsen; 2nd Kleibs; 3rd Stowe.
Time, 30 secs.

220 YD. DASH (final heat)

1st Kleibs; 2nd Danielsen; 3rd Grove.
Time 30 secs.

STANDING BROAD

1st Shuttleworth; 2nd Crews; 3rd W. Smith.—Distance, 8ft. 5 ins.

HOP STEP AND JUMP

1st Morton; 2nd Stowe; 3rd W.Smith
Distance, 31ft. 1½ ins.

ONE MILE RACE

1st Lister; 2nd Brown; 3rd Turner.
Time, 7 min.

RUNNING BROAD

1st Grove; 2nd Shuttleworth; 3rd
Dryden.—Distance, 16 ft. 6ins.

SHOT PUT

1st Shuttleworth; 2nd Taylor; 3rd
Lepingwell.—Distance, 24ft.

HIGH JUMP

1st Shuttleworth; 2nd Sanderson
3rd Dryden.—Height 4ft. 5 ins.

880 YD DASH

1st Bishop; 2nd Lane; 3rd Brown.
Time 2 mins. 55 ses.

RELAY RACE

This was won by the second year
team which was comprised of the fol-
lowing men: Swan, Stowe, Rose, and
Dawson.

TUG-OF-WAR

The first year Diploma course team
won this event by pulling their oppo-
nents across the line, twice in succession.

INDIVIDUAL AGGREGATE

1st, Shuttleworth... 14 points
2nd, Bishop. 10 points
3rd, Kleibs. 8 points

Final Match

Inter-Faculty Championship.

On Wednesday, Nov. 17th, Macdon-
ald rugby team set out for Montreal
determined to wrest the Wood Trophy
from the hands of Commerce. The
team was accompanied by a large num-
ber of rooters led by the able cheer-
leader W. Ferguson, premier of the
Sophomore tribe. The rooters marched
en masse through the drizzling rain to
the McGill campus. En route, they
disrupted the traffic by pausing at
several places to give vent to their
feelings regarding the coming game.

The Mac. team trooped on the field
first, followed soon after by the Com-
merce squad. The game started at
2.45 Macdonald kicking off. Due to
the slippery condition of the field and
the ball, there were numerous fumbles
on both sides. Commerce proved their
superiority on the kicking, making
most of their gains by this means. Mac.
showed better open field running but
could not reach the Commerce line.

The first quarter was scoreless. Com-
merce in the second quarter by long
well placed kicks scored two rouges.
The third quarter was scoreless, but
in the last quarter Commerce secured
two more rouges.

The game ended by a score of four
to nothing 4—0 for Commerce, once
again blasting Macdonald's hope for
the Wood Trophy.

This game brought to a close the
rugby season for Macdonald. With
two games lost and two won it shows
up creditably for the short time that
was possible for preparation.

LINE-UP

<i>Commerce</i>	<i>Position</i>	<i>Macdonald</i>
	Quarter	
Maughan		Eardley
	Snapback	
Smith		Tait
	Inside right	
Budge		MacFarlane
	Inside left	
Wayland		Reid
	Middle right	
Puddiccombe		Johnson
	Middle left	
Veitch		MacCuish
	Outside right	
Call		West
	Outside left	
LeMesurier		Paige

	Halfbacks	
Taylor		Richards
Morrell		Rowell
Arnold		Archibald

Carter
Leacy
Brodhead

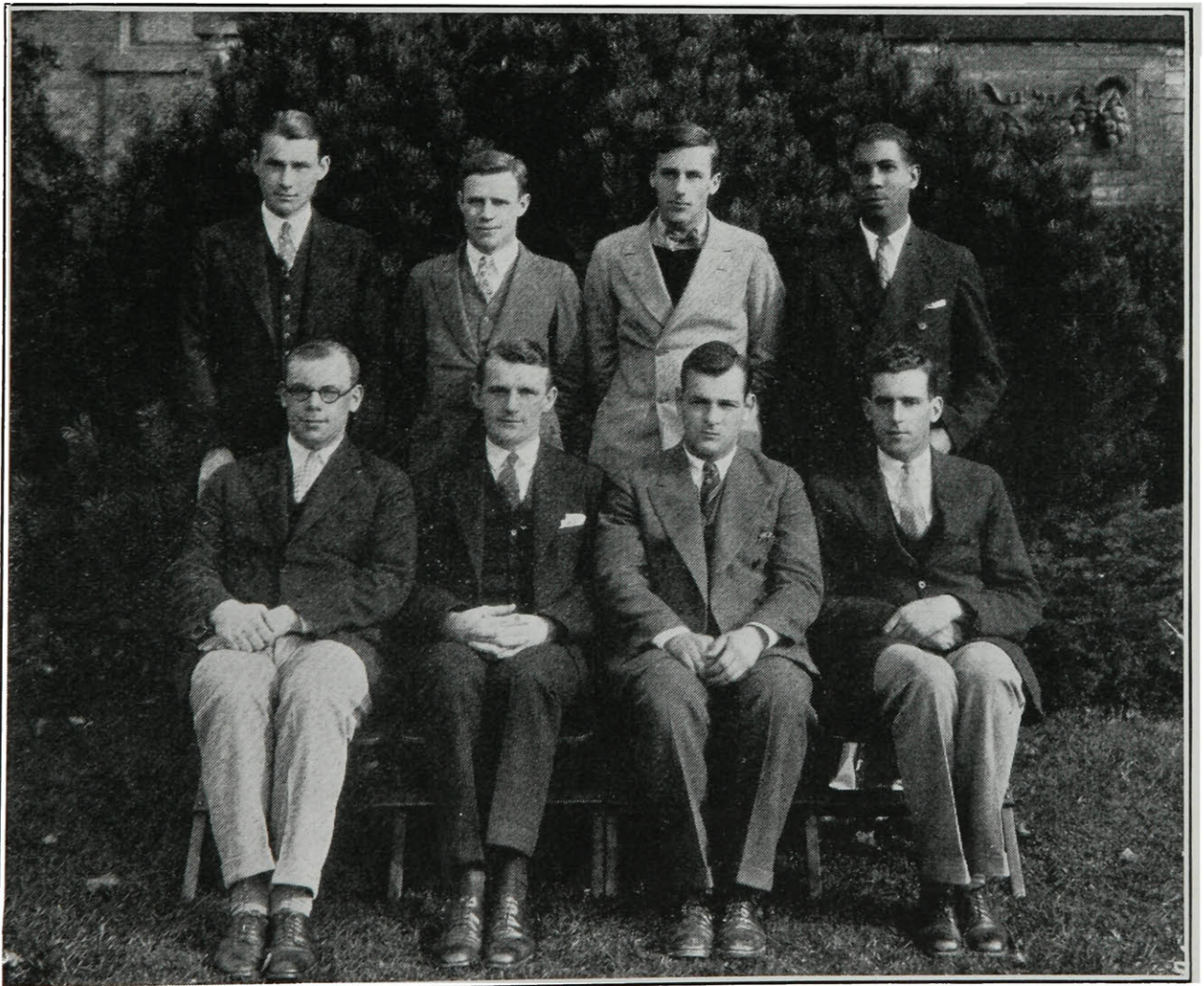
Dalton
Rayner
Dickison

	Flying wing
Consiglio	Nesbitt

Substitutes

LeBaron	Marshall
Boyce	McMaster
Livingston	Dawson
Wight	Taylor

Now that the rugby season is over we will turn our thoughts to basketball, baseball and hockey. Last year Macdonald won the interfaculty baseball championship, defeating Medicine by a score of 21—9. Let us hope that we may not only retain this championship but add hockey and basketball to the list.



MEN'S ATHLETIC COMMITTEE.

Another Cantab on Co-Education

The contribution under this heading in the October-November issue 1926, commenced with the following paragraph:

“Does the presence of the female sex in a university or college, assist the male student in attaining the object of his Education?”

The contributor expressed his humble opinion that “From the point of view of the mere man, co-education is a dead failure.”

With equal humility, I beg to differ. Times are changing and Education must needs be considered from the combined standpoint of national efficiency and social harmony.

Education is a lifelong process. I submit therefore that the previous contributor merely revealed the fact that he himself was very much in need of that particular phase of life's education, which the mutual associations of co-education help to solve. More especially in these days of the small family, where the influences of the large nursery, with numerous sisters cousins is the privilege of a very few.

It is universally conceded, that where the “Fair Sex” is concerned, “There is no fool, like an old fool”, which implies that if one is susceptible to the disease of “Falling head over ears in love” the sooner he is “inoculated” the better, - several “inoculations” being usually required. Where better opportunity of gaining a fair measure of “immunity” can there be than that of “Co-Education”, coin-

ciding, as it usually does, with the more “susceptible” period of life.

Here at Macdonald, we (mere) men are most of us destined for the healthy atmosphere (both physical and psychological) of the great outdoors, or for the mental absorption of research. But the great majority of college students are destined for Business or the Professions, in all of which they will find themselves today in close and constant association with the other sex, surely a contingency that true education should help us to meet.

The students’ “Time” is more or less his own and any mental aberrations or abstractions due to “Loves Young Dream” are of no particular harm, but once he is out in the world his “Time” is generally someone else’s and any minor slip due to inattention and lack of concentration may be attended by serious consequences in a thousand different ways, even to the point of fatal accidents and financial loss.

I humbly submit therefore that co-education fulfils a very important function in 20th Century Education, in that it accustoms the individuals of both sexes to constant daily mutual association before they go out into the world to fill positions of varying responsibility

Maybe there are some more or less lifelong “incurables”, but they surely, would be the last to find fault with Co-Education.

Now let us consider education from a national evolutionary standpoint.

Surely the signs of the times point to the approach of a period of mutual readjustment in the lives of men and women based on a saner and healthier attitude than has prevailed in the past. The recent centuries, peopled (we imagine) by more or less 100% males and 100% females seem to us to have been a sorry period of warfare and comparative stagnation, and it would almost appear as if those Invisible Beings who guide the Destinies of the Great Laboratory are now trying out more neutral types. So perhaps our children and grandchildren may come to maturity without undergoing the stress and strain of these Freudian complexes which have so disturbed this period of transition.

Those of you who see the forthcoming production of "Charlie's Aunt" in Montreal will be reminded that a mere glimpse of feminine ankle was considered sufficient to stimulate erotic excitement in our grandfathers, surely a state of affairs to which none of us wish to

On the contrary, may we not legitimately aspire to the conditions of Ancient Greece in the height of her glory, when young men and maidens were of such equal physique that they were matched together in wrestling contests in the nude without any sense of immodesty on the part of either performers or spectators.

Our modern bathing beaches- and dare I say-ballrooms would seem to indicate that a gradual return to the mental atmosphere of the Ancient Greeks in this respect, is not so very far off.

The previous article more than hinted that the pressure of the feminine gender seriously interfered with the work of all men students, and generally speaking the result of this subtle

"infection" is admittedly a condition of "Disease" of varying virulence and duration. But it must not be forgotten that the symptoms change according to the reactions of the individual.

In some cases it appears to act as a tonic, combining in a marvellous way the functions of spur, anchor and rudder, resulting in achievements that would not otherwise have been made.

This phase, perhaps, applies only to the more serious minded minority, in whom, "still waters run deep."

To the less serious majority, of both sexes, I would say that some of the more advanced scientists of the day claim that the tenderest passions are merely the mechanical results of Bio-chemical function. Alas, poor romance. Oh Ye Gods, what a crash!

Nevertheless, I think that the recollection that such may be the case, even if, as we hope, it is only a partial truth may help some of us to maintain a level head, instead of just letting go, as we are in danger of doing when filled with such idylls as the irresistible attraction of soul-mates and similar delightful theories and speculations

I humbly submit therefore that the co-education of men and women students should be of the greatest possible value to both sexes, for it should advance them on the road to graduation as "Masters in the Arts" of friendship without sentiment, or shall we say as M.P.L. "Masters in Platonic Love" and hence equipped for any sphere of service to their fellow men or women. In short "Self Mastery for Service."

J. E. Davy,

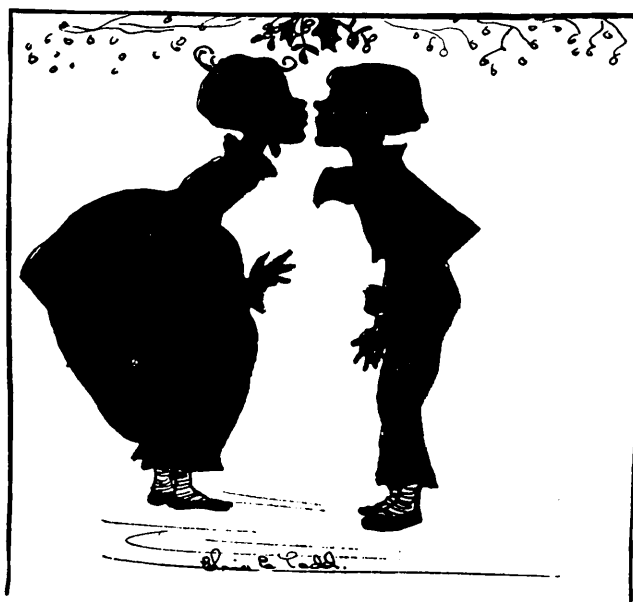
Diploma '29.

Ed. Note. Our next number will con

tain a further contribution under the heading of "An Oxonian on Co-Education."

We understand that the prevailing opinion amongst the men students at

Oxford is distinctly opposed to Co-Education, largely owing to the fact that they are fed-up with watching the girls being cropped, bobbed etc. while waiting to have their own hair waved!



IN MEMORIAM



The Late Earle Clifton Hatch, Ag. '20

Earle Clifton Hatch was born at Oromocto, N.B., in 1896, and came up to Macdonald in the autumn of 1913 to join Class '17. A manly, straight-forward and friendly youth, he quickly made himself loved by all who knew him. Keen in his studies and interested in the athletic and social life of his college (as witness his positions on the college basketball team, on the Y.M.C.A. executive, on his class debating team), Earle had already made a niche for himself in the larger life of Macdonald before he laid aside, in 1916, his books, to answer his country's call.

Enlisting with the McGill Heavy Siege Battery, Earle spent more than a year with the artillery in France, then transferred to the Royal Air Force and took his commission with that unit.

The autumn of 1919 saw Earle, with many of his comrades in arms from his own and other broken classes, back at Macdonald swelling the ranks of

Class '20—the first large post-war graduating class. Again he entered with zest into the studies and life of his college, and when he took his degree in 1920, he carried off as well the Quebec Minister of Agriculture prize in horticulture.

His last year at Macdonald brought to Earle more than scholastic honours, more than a reputation for prowess on the basketball floor, on the debating platform—it brought him romance. Like so many other Macdonald men, Earle found his life partner at Macdonald. In the summer of 1920, he was married to Miss Ethel Goodfellow, of Lancaster, Ont., a graduate in Household Science.

After leaving Macdonald, Earle spent a little time with the Soldiers' Settlement Board, and then turned to Journalism, choosing advertising as his particular field. Making his start with The United Farmers' Guide now the Farmers' Guide, he served successively with Farm and Dairy, and

the Consolidated Press, with a short period off a few years since when he went farming on account of his health. His natural optimism and his ability to meet and make friends with men in any walk of life made him particularly successful in his chosen vocation, and his untimely death at Ste. Agathe, Que., on November 19th, cut off a most promising career.

But it is not the unfulfilled career we recall when we think of Earle Clifton Hatch—we think of a sympathetic

friend, of an active alumnus, of a prince of good fellows that has been taken away from us,—and so early in life! Yet our loss, great as it is, is overshadowed by that of his wife and his son, his mother and his sisters. We have lost a friend; they have lost a fragment of life itself. To these sorrowing ones go the most sincere assurances of our sympathy as personal friends and as members of the Alumni Association.

Agricultural Alumni

The 1927 class numbered seven bringing the total number of graduates up to 257. Following is a classification of the graduates according to occupation as far as known.

Canadian Department of Agriculture.....	69
Provincial Departments of Agriculture.....	20
Departments of Agriculture in other Countries.....	6
Agricultural Colleges... ..	23
Agricultural Schools.....	1
Other Schools and Colleges.....	4
Farming and Farm Management.	44
Agricultural Commerce.....	15
Other Commerce.....	17
Settlement and Immigration.....	7
Press.....	6
Other Professions.....	3
Post Graduate Work.....	7
Women Graduates Now Married..	2
Unclassified and no Information...	21
Deceased.....	12
	<u>257</u>

Of the group “Unclassified and No Information” there are a number for whom we only have addresses. There are a few who lately have made changes and for whom is no definite information at hand. For some time we have had no information as to the addresses of C. F. Coffin '14, V. B. Durling '15, H. B. Roy '15, J. S. Buchanan '22, J. A. Hempson '25. It would be very much appreciated if information as to any of these was sent to the General-Secretary.

For 1926-27 fees were received from forty on the basis of annual memberships; four new life memberships were established bringing the total to ninety. At the beginning of the current college year the life memberships were brought up to ninety-one by one of the 1927 graduates sending in his cheque for \$25.00. This cheque was doubly acceptable as it was received before notices regarding fees had been sent out. Those who paid the annual fees for 1926-27

will receive the first number of the Magazine for the current year at the time of issue whether or not their subscriptions have been renewed. The Association will be obliged to discontinue all unpaid subscriptions after the first issue.

The Memorial Scholarship has been granted to B. G. Montserin '27 who is taking post graduate work in Plant Pathology at Macdonald.

G. H. Bowen '23 is now in Buffalo; address is c/o Harris and Hall, 110 Franklin St., Buffalo, N. Y.

W. Newton '24 has returned to Canada, he is Plant Pathologist at the Dominion Experimental Farm, Agassiz, B. C.

R. R. McKibbin '23 who obtained his Ph. D. from Maryland last year is now on the staff of the Chemistry Department of Macdonald. Mrs. McKibbin was Marjorie Jones (Administrator '22).

Arthur Maw '23 was granted the degree of Master of Science by the University of Wisconsin last spring. He is now temporarily attached to the Poultry Department at Macdonald.

S. W. Walford '26 is on the Extension Staff of the Poultry Department of Purdue University.

Miss M. T. Russell '26 was granted the degree of M. S. A. by McGill in June last.

Miss M. MacMurray '26 has returned to Scotland. Her present address is 45 Willpark Rd., Saltcoats Ayrshire, Scotland.

W. B. Hamilton '26 is now attached to the Staff of the Bacteriology Department at Macdonald. At the same time he is continuing his post graduate studies.

Mr. and Mrs. R. Summerby have announced the birth of a son on November 16th, 1927.

G. E. Hunt '25 has had a busy summer. He received his Master's degree from Iowa and from the same college he took a wife, Helena Mahnke of Des Moines, Iowa. Mrs. Hunt was connected with the staff of the Chemistry Department at the Iowa State College .

R. Smith '26 and Mary Humphrey Homemakers '26 were married last June. Their home is in Hudson, Que., where they are taking up the responsibility of a farm.

W. H. Perron '23 has been granted a special scholarship by the Provincial Secretary of the Province of Quebec for study of Landscape Architecture in France. He is accompanied by Mrs. Perron, formerly Alice Charbonneau Homemaker '27 .

L. O. Rolleston '23 who has been with Abitibi Pulp and Paper Co., has left Canada for Cuba where he is connected with Tuinucu Sugar Co., Tuinucu, Santa Clara Cuba. He will be connected with "cellulose" work.

In this issue we are reprinting an item found in the second volume of the Magazine. This is being done without obtaining permission from R. S. Kennedy '12 who wrote this while a student.

"A Humorous Little Piece"

The Editor came into my room the other day and asked me to write a humorous little piece for the next Magazine. I pointed out to him that humour was a sort of spiritual inspiration and could not be made to order. However, he bullied me into promising and then left the room, having thoughtfully left some "spiritual inspiration" on the table...in a bottle. He was in again to-night to get the "Little Piece." The inspiration, however, had passed

away and I had not succeeded in becoming humorous. He sat down on the bed and seemed annoyed. I looked at him for a little while, told him what I thought he looked like and that the funniest thing I could think of for the Magazine was to put his photograph in the Joke Column. He got warmer than ever and told me flatly that he didn't want anything coarse from me. So I agreed that in that case it would be better not to put his photo in the Mag. He retorted with the Dictionary and a pillow and I had to tell him that I couldn't give him his "Little Piece" unless he gave me a little peace and that if he didn't get the X. * out of my room he would soon consist of more "Humorous Little Pieces" than could be put together again. With a mutual exchange of courtesies we then parted.

It is now 3.00 a.m. and I have not thought of anything funny to say. My one attempt was a failure. I had started an article which was to be really side-splitting. It was entitled "Household Science, . . . its Use and Abuse". I had just got a few lines written when in came my neighbour with a large lemon pie which he said had been given to him by one the Science girls. I took a section. As soon as I began to feel a little better I decided that such an article was a little too side-splitting for me and that my use for it was far less than my abuse for it, so I decided not to write that article as there didn't seem to be anything funny about Household cookery anyway.

During my convalescence I suddenly got a most happy thought, rushed to the table, seized my pen and upset the mucilage bottle on the only chair. I

*Stands for the words "Chemical Laboratory."

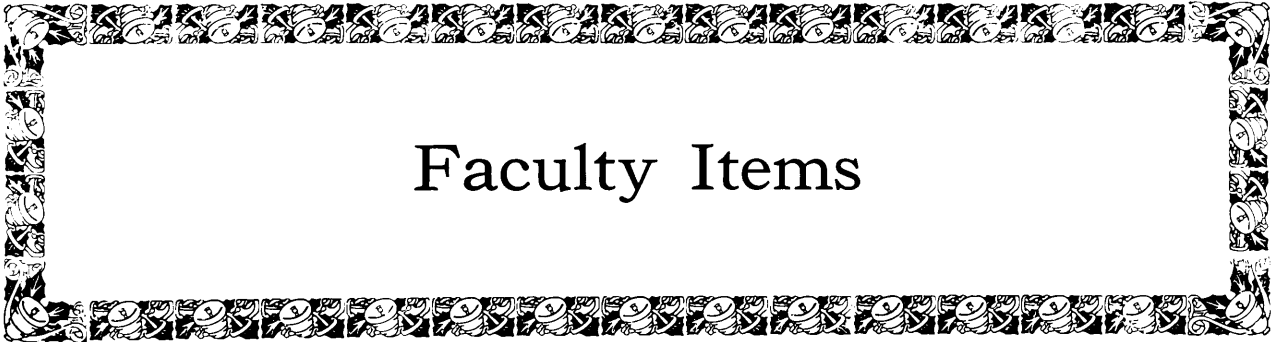
didn't say everything I thought about the mucilage bottle but just sat down on the bed and started to write the title: "On Giving Advice," when in came my neighbour again. I begged him to take a chair, which he did. We chatted pleasantly for a while and then he had to go, and moved towards the door. I asked him if he would mind leaving me the chair. He swung round thirteen times but did not succeed in catching up with the chair, and as I thought he might be dizzy I asked him to sit down, which he did with the greatest of ease. Rising rapidly to demolish my ever-broadening grin the chair caught under the table and he assumed a devotional attitude on the floor. After a short prayer I had to tell him that if he wanted to "play at horses" or even to pretend that he was a furniture removal van, he had better do it outside. He made his way along the passage, sitting down every few yards to relieve his legs and his feelings, until he came to the bath room. There he made a ridiculous attempt to melt the glue by sitting down in a bath of hot water which merely lapped round the legs of the chair. At last he had to ask for my assistance. I pointed out that his attitude of sitting on a chair in the middle of a bath tub might be misconstrued by those who did not know his childlike nature and who could not understand that he was merely playing at being the Captain on the bridge of a ship. I enquired if he was feeling at all sea-sick and then helped him out of the bath. Being a kind-hearted fellow I consented to rid him of his encumbrance. It took a tremendous effort to effect the parting, he held on to the banisters while I pulled on the chair but at last he was free. Was he thankful? Not a bit of it. He looked at the small portion of his clothing which may have adhered to the chair

and remarked bitterly that the next time I wished to upholster my furniture he hoped I would use somebody else's trousers. I tried to point out that he still had the legs, which after all were the essential parts of the modern trouser. It was no good. He would not listen to reason but tied his coat around his waist and went off to his room, ignoring the bystanders who talked about "The bra' laddie in the wee kilties" and tunefully whistled "The Campbells are Coming."

I am disappointed in my neighbour.

It is rather hard on one when a fellow comes into your room, interrupts your inspiration, uses up all your mucilage, goes off with your chair for half an hour and when he does bring it back and finally gets out, leaves his clothes about your room.

Here am I without my "Piece" written, but I am going to forgive him, for every time I look at that chair I realize that he was at least kind and thoughtful enough to leave behind on it what I consider to be an extremely "Humorous Little Piece."



Faculty Items

Professors Summerby and L. C. Raymond and Dr. A. MacTaggart attended the Canadian Seed Growers Association convention in Victoria, B. C. at which Professor Summerby was chairman of the Cereal Section of the Plant Breeders Committee.

Dr. J. E. Lattimer has spent considerable time during the past summer addressing Agricultural Meetings in the province on the "Economic Problems of the Farmer."

Professor W. A. Maw spent the months of July and August in Ottawa assisting Mr. F. C. Elford in the direction of the Third World's Poultry Congress. Following the closing of the Congress he accompanied Mr. Elford on the Post Congress Trans Canada Tour on which over one hundred foreign poultry delegates visited Canada from east to west.

Dr. Snell and Dr. McCarthy at-

tended the Tenth Annual Dominion Convention of Chemists held in June. At the annual meeting of the Canadian Institute of Chemistry, held during the Convention, Dr. Snell was elected a representative of the Province of Quebec on the Council of this body, whose membership consists of the qualified professional chemists of the Dominion.

At the annual meeting of the Montreal Section of the Society of Chemical Industry, held in April, Dr. Snell was elected Chairman of the Section for the year 1927-28.

Dr. B. T. Dickson has been appointed Senior Mycologist to the Council for Scientific and Industrial Research for the Commonwealth of Australia. He sailed from Vancouver on October 19th, 1927.

Dr. Dickson has been on the staff of the College since his return from

overseas in 1919. He was first Assistant Professor of Biology (1919-20), then Professor of Botany (1920-26) and in April 1926 was appointed Professor of Plant Pathology.

In 1922 Post Graduate studies in Plant Pathology were commenced and a large number of students have availed themselves of the opportunity of pursuing further studies in this field under his supervision.

In his new position Dr. Dickson will be organizing and supervising research work in Plant Pathology in Australia.

He will always be remembered by staff and students of Macdonald College for his pleasing personality and as an excellent and inspiring teacher and a fine research worker.

R. R. McKibbin, B. S. A. (McGill 1923), Ph. D., (University of Maryland 1926), has joined the staff of the Chemistry Department as Lecturer.

On graduation from Macdonald College, Mr. McKibbin, who had offers of Assistantships and Fellowships from four American Universities, accepted a Research Fellowship of the Texas Gulf Sulphur Company in the Department of Soils of the University of Maryland. His thesis, based on work done under this Fellowship, related to the value of sulphur as a fertilizer. Upon completion of his graduate course, Dr. McKibbin, was appointed Assistant Professor and after one year's service was slated for further advancement, being tentatively offered the headship of the Department of Soils, rendered vacant by the appointment of Dr. A. G. McCall to the position of Chief of the Division of Soils in the newly organized Bureau of Soils and Chemistry in the U. S. Department of Agriculture. It says much for Dr. McKibbin's devotion to his native land and to his Alma Mater that in face of such an offer he preferred to return to us.

Messrs. E. A. Lods and W. J. Tawse have been appointed Assistant Professors in their respective departments of Agronomy and Horticulture.

Mr. C. E. Russell, B. S. Michigan State College of Agriculture, has been appointed as Lecturer in the Department of Horticulture.

Messrs. J. E. Machacek, M. Sc. and A. A. MacFarlane-Brown B. A. have been appointed Assistants in Plant Pathology.

Mr. M. H. Howitt, B. S. A., has resigned his position to pursue post graduate work at Harvard University. Miss Violet B. Ramsay has been appointed to take his place as Lecturer in Nature Study but in addition she has been assigned to give special lectures in Primary Methods which it is intended to feature more than has been the case in previous years. Miss Ramsay was a Primary Specialist and Infant Mistress in Dundee Training College Practice School, Scotland, for some years, was an exchange teacher in Montreal, and later was one of the teachers in Macdonald High School.

Miss Mabel G. Price has been appointed Lecturer in History and Geography in the School for Teachers. Miss Price was medalist in the Intermediate Class and has had experience in rural schools and also at Macdonald High School.

Misses Hayward, Staud and Adams of the School of Household Science took summer courses at Columbia University during July and August. Miss Bagg and Miss Philp also attended for part time.

Miss Chapman spent part of her summer vacation studying at Teachers College, Columbia University, and Miss Brownrigg attended lectures at Queen's University, Kingston.

New appointments this year to the Household Science staff are Miss Alice

Stickwood of Newmarket, Ont., and Miss Harriet Van Wart of Fredericton, N. B. Miss Stickwood obtained her Household Science training at Toronto University and at Columbia University, New York.

Miss H. McCain was in Toronto for the Canadian National Exhibition in charge of the exhibit of the Quebec Women's Institutes in the Women's Building.

Miss McCain had the misfortune on September 12th, to be struck by an automobile receiving injuries which necessitated remaining in the hospital for several weeks. She is now much improved, and hopes shortly to be able to resume her duties.

Miss Kruse of the High School underwent an operation in August and is recovering nicely but will probably be unable to return to her work before the New Year.

Miss Margaret E. Smith of the School of Household Science Staff last year is this year on the Staff of the University of Arkansas. Miss Jennie F. Turnbull is teaching Home Economics in the Schools of Kitchener, Ont.

Mrs. S. James has resigned her position as Librarian and has gone to reside in Victoria, B. C. Mr. E. Mutton has been appointed as Acting Librarian with the Misses Detlor and Kruse as Assistants.

On September 22nd, Mr. J. J. Harpell of the Garden City Press, Honorary President of the Macdonald Philharmonic Society, gave a dinner at

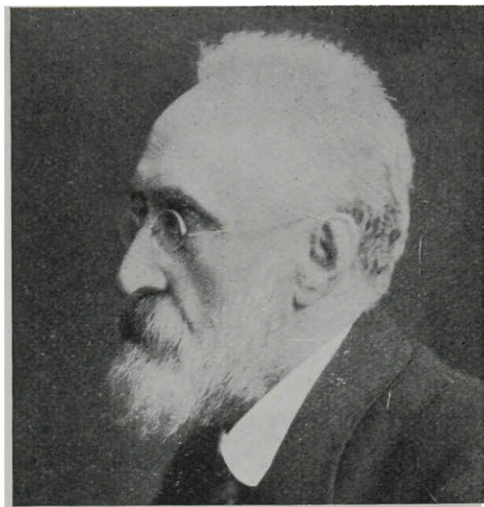
the Senneville Golf Club in honour of Dr. B. T. Dickson, retiring and departing President of the Society, and Mrs. Dickson. All the members of the Society were invited and those present from the College Staff included Mr. and Mrs. Musgrove, Prof. and Mrs. Heimpel, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Stephen, Mr. and Mrs. Adair, Prof. Coulson, Miss Bellis and Dr. Snell.

Under joint direction of Mr. Harpell and Mr. Stephen, a very pleasantly sad evening was passed in farewell addresses and presentations to Dr. and Mrs. Dickson, singing and dancing.

The Philharmonic Society has entered on its year's work with an increased local membership in both Orchestral and Choral branches. Three concerts are projected for this season, to be held Saturday evenings, November 26th, February 18th and March 24th. Mr. H. H. Hewettson, tenor, is to be soloist at the first concert. The second concert will include Sir Arthur Sullivan's Cantata, "On Shore and Sea," and in the third, old-fashioned madrigals and folk-songs will be a feature. As usual, the local orchestra will be supplemented by a number of skilled musicians from the city. Mrs. Stackhouse of St. Lambert will be leading violinist and will contribute solos to the programmes. Dr. J. F. Snell is President of the Society for the year, Mr. F. A. M. Smythe of Ste. Anne de Bellevue, Secretary, and Dr. R. R. McKibbin, Treasurer. Mr. Musgrove, continues as Musical Director.



Macdonald's Honoured Graduate



Edward Brown, F. L. S., LL. D.

On August 5th, a special convocation was held in the Assembly Hall at which Mr. Edward Brown, F. L. S., President of the Third World's Poultry Congress, was presented with the Honorary Degree LL. D. The convocation date was very fittingly arranged to coincide with the visit to Macdonald of a large number of foreign poultry delegates attending the World's Poultry Congress at Ottawa while en route on a Post Congress Trans-Canada Tour. The visit to Macdonald College was the first stop in this tour and therein the convocation ceremony made a very fitting impression on the delegates of the work and interest of a Canadian University in world poultry culture.

Dean Barton presented the candidate and Dr. Martin, Dean of the Faculty of Medicine and Acting Principal in Sir Arthur Currie's absence, presented the degree. In presenting the candidate for the LL. D. degree, Dean Barton spoke of the invaluable poultry-work

which he has done in England, where he has been responsible for the establishment of a National Poultry Institution. His Presidency of the World's Poultry Congress this year marks his third term of office.

In reply Dr. Brown very fittingly remarked on the advancement of poultry culture throughout the world mentioning the progress made as well as the contribution which poultrymen as scientists have made to agriculture in general.

In honouring Dr. Brown, McGill University through Macdonald College made a distinct contribution to the success of the World's Poultry Congress which has made for Canada a widespread reputation as a country with great possibilities in agricultural pursuit, not only for Canadians, but those from other parts of the World who may choose Canada as a future home in which to live.

W. A. M.

"Act well your part; therein all honour lies."—Pope.



Science Alumnae

Harriet Van Wart, B.H.S., 1923, joined the staff of the School of Household Science in September as instructor in Foods and Cookery.

We are pleased to welcome back to Macdonald Marjorie Jones, Institution Administration, 1922, whose husband Dr. R. R. McKibbin is one of the recent appointments to the College staff.

Susie M. Crane, Institution Administration, 1919, formerly of the Household Science Extension staff of the College and more recently assistant dietitian at the Ottawa Civic Hospital was married in June to Lieut-Col. J. T. Jansen of Surrey, England. Col. Jansen is on the staff of the Experimental Farm, Ottawa.

Jean Reyner, B.H.S., 1923, working under Miss Stern of the Boston Diet Dispensary has had articles on special diets published recently in the Journal of the American Medical Association and Journal of American Dietetic Association.

Elsie Gray, Institution Administration, 1924, is one of the latest additions to married ranks, her marriage to Mr. Harry Lee Smith, having taken place on November 16th.

Mrs. Templeton, Winter Short Course, 1927, is now assistant to the principal at the Mission School, Norway House, Man., and writes interestingly of her work in that far northern post.

Faith Mathewson, Institution Ad-

ministration, 1922, has recently accepted the position of assistant to Nan Garvock, 1917, at the Montreal Diet Dispensary.

Esther Latimer, Institution Administration, 1922, who has been in charge of the dietary department of the Harvard School, Los Angeles, California, has resigned her position to return East, and is at present holidaying in East Orange, N.J.

*Winnifred Honey, Institution Administration, 1925, is in charge of the McGill Union Cafeteria this year.

Helen Parker, B.H.S., 1926, was appointed in June to the position of assistant dietitian at the Royal Victoria Hospital, Montreal.

Mildred Goodeve, Institution Administration, 1924, who has been for two years at the St. George's School for Child Study, Toronto, is now on the staff of the Child Welfare Association of Montreal, under Dr. A. B. Chandler.

Ruth Rorke, B.H.S., 1925, has been since the Spring on the staff of the Montreal General hospital as assistant

*Extract from the McGill Daily:

The McGill cafeteria is now a place where calories are carefully computed, and food served up in exact proportions and according to rigid formulae, as accurate as those used by chemists. This is because the council is employing a trained dietitian, whose name is sweetness itself—Miss Honey.

dietitian succeeding Harriet Van Wart, B.H.S., 1923.

Hattie Pearson, Institution Administration, 1921, who has been for some years dietitian at the Arnot Ogden hospital, Elmira, N.Y., has recently returned to Canada, and has been relieving Dorothy White, Institution Administration, 1920, at Ste. Agathe.

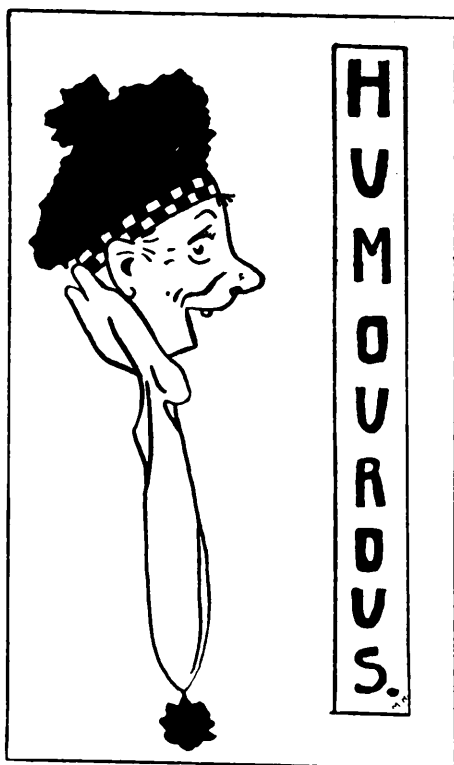
Margaret Morley, Institution Administration, 1926, was appointed in July to the position of dietitian at the Children's Hospital, Portland, Me.

A daughter was born on October 1st, to Mr. and Mrs. Alex Ree, Sherbrooke St., West, Montreal. Mrs. Ree was Eleanor Creelman, Institution Administration, 1923.

Eileen Major, Institution Administration 1925 and Carmel Foley, 1926 have been running a very successful tea room at Rockliffe Ottawa, during the summer.

Miss Mary A. Lytell, Homemakers '26 was married last August to Mr. Courtenay P. Barker of Cardinal, Ont.





Heard Around Macdonald College

At Telephone Booth Men's Residence

He (making a date with a fair unknown) "But say how will I recognize you?"

She... "Easy... I'll be wearing a yellow flower on my garter".

* * *

Student—Give me 87 please
Operator.....But that's your own number

Student—I know, it is but I just wanted to have a lil' solil' guy

* * *

At Wright's

R.—"A kiss speaks volumes"
E.—"Let's start a library"

* * *

At the Lachine Game

Sweet Young Thing (As Archie fumbles) "Goody, Goody, He dropped it. Now they won't all jump on him.

On the Playing Field

Exasperated Football Coach (to awkward candidate): Tackle low, I tell you. There you go reaching for the neck again. Can't you ever forget this is a co-ed college.

* * *

In the Foyer

Annie—"And just because I talked back to him he threatened to withhold my diploma".

Jane—"And what did you say?"

Annie—"Told him I did not need any character as I was going to be married."

* * *

Gladys—"Do you still run around with that little blond?"

Ted—"She's married now!"

Gladys—"Answer my question."

* * *

First Caveman—"I'm looking for a wife."

Second ditto—"So am I, let's club together."

* * *

Sophomore—"I kissed her."

Frosh—"How many times?"

Soph—"I'm not bragging, I'm confessing."

* * *

"Why didn't you zigzag when they were firing at you?"

"I did."

"Then how did you get hit?"

"I must have zigged when I should have zagged."

* * *

Noblesse oblige

Prof.—"What excuse have you got for not having your assignment?"

Voice from the back of Room 175.

"Sorry, sir, but I overslept and could not think up an excuse."

Mother Mule—"Yes my Maud is the mascot at West Point."

Mother Pig—"That's nice, my Willie's the football at Mac."

* * *

Ted—"How come the stiff neck?"

Fitz—"Not enough nexercise!"

* * *

Stern Parent—"What, back from college so soon?"

Ex-Freshman—"Well dad you see it's like this, if I go to college you must make allowances for me."

* * *

A-rd and Annie were out motoring and Annie insisted that he allow her to drive the car. After some persuasion he reluctantly consented and his fears were realized.

—"Oh A-rd!" the girl cried excitedly, "take it quick, here comes a ditch."

* * *

Overhead in the Zoo. Lab.

"I feel a lethargy creeping over me."

"Yes this lab is full of them."

* * *

Student—"Do you take Economics 3?"

Collegiate—"No I get my sleep at night."

What We Want To Know

Who thinks a certain "freshman" is "just perfect"?

Who has a little brother in the third year?

What "unfortunate" has an "old woman" who practises diets on him?

Why must the "grass widow" find life very dull?

Who's being "marshalled" this year?

Who knows all about Quebec?

Who has a "corner" on legitimate widow's peaks around here?

Is "whiskey" merely a stimulant? If so what is soda?

Who loves her—and how?

Who's a "darling" AFTER the Kingston train pulls out?

Who pulled a diamond from the Thanksgiving turkey?

Who's the B.H.S. wrestling champ?

What Junior's sporting a guilty conscience?—and why?

Whose "heavy party" fell through the reception room chair?

Who believes in the old adage "What we have we hold"?

Have the Dining Hall staff joined the Mustard Club?



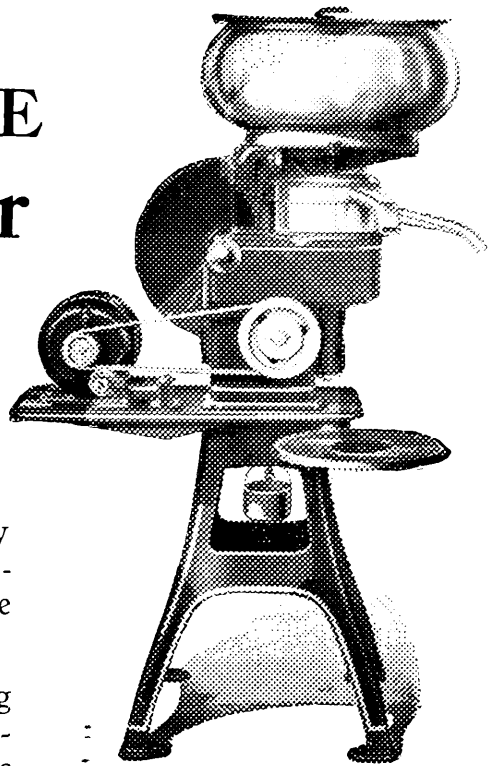
For when the One Great Scorer comes to write against your name, he writes—not that you won or lost—but how you played the game.

A Few Cents Each Month *Will Furnish Power to Run This Easy-Running* **ELECTRIC-DRIVE Cream Separator**

With cheap hydro-electric power at your command, you can operate the World's Easiest-Running Ball-Bearing Cream Separator at practically no cost for power. The dependable motor assures absolutely steady speed and permits you to attend closely to the milk and cream while the separating is being done.

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